



# The Grail

JUNE, 1932

*Under the Hills*

J. S. LA KOTA

*An Appreciation of Willa Cather*

MARY E. SULLIVAN

*St. Stephen's Square*

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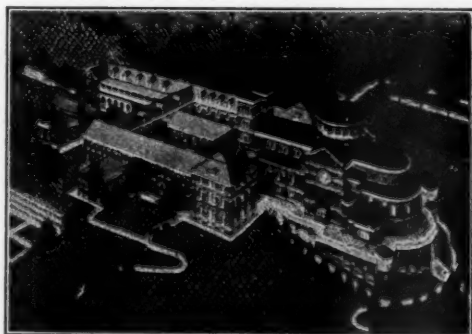
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### CONTENTS

THE ANGELS OF THE GREAT COUNSEL—(Poem) .....	52
Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.	
LITURGICAL JOTTINGS .....	53
Victor Dux, O. S. B.	
SONNETS OF THE HOLY MASS—(Poem) . Dom H. G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.	53
UNDER THE HILLS .....	54
J. S. La Kota	
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ALASKA? .....	62
Katherine Louise Smith	
AN APPRECIATION OF WILLA CATHER .....	65
Mary E. Sullivan	
LEAVES FROM A PILGRIM'S JOURNAL .....	67
Nancy Buckley	
THE REWARD OF ETERNAL LIFE .....	70
Rev. Albert Muntzsch, S. J.	
HISTORIC SWISS PASSION PLAY .....	71
F. D.	
ST. STEPHEN'S SQUARE .....	72
Anna Blanche McGill	
SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES FOR COLLEGE MEN ..	75
Burton Confrey, Ph. D.	
ON THE CREST OF A HILL—(Poem) .....	76
Harriet Lyon Leonard	
NOTES OF INTEREST .....	77
KWEERY KORNER .....	78
Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B.	
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS .....	79
Clare Hampton	
CHILDREN'S CORNER .....	81
Agnes Brown Hering	
ABBAY AND SEMINARY .....	84
MAID AND MOTHER .....	86
Clare Hampton	
DR. HELEN'S CONSULTING ROOM .....	91
Helen Hughes Hielscher, M. D.	

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## *The Angels of the Great Counsel*

*Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.*

"Great Maker of all things, both seen and unseen,  
Be my succor, who wing to the earth  
To win Thee true homage, a Victim serene,  
A Ransom of infinite worth.

"Thy commandments of old from the thundering sky  
Were broadcast from Mount Sinai's crest;  
But now 'tis with light-beating wing that I fly  
And whisper my COUNSEL—the best—

"To fathers and mothers: God would have your son  
Become a true priest in His sight!  
To youths: Souls are perishing,—nearly undone,  
Be a priest and show them the true light?

"But too often the fathers are deaf to my voice,  
While the mothers dissolve into tears;  
And the sons,—if at first at the thought they rejoice,  
Get involved in all manner of fears.

"They sing Thee *Te Deums* and *Alleluias*,  
When their work leaves them free for a space;  
But they grudge Thee full service on hearing one has  
To become an Apostle of Grace.

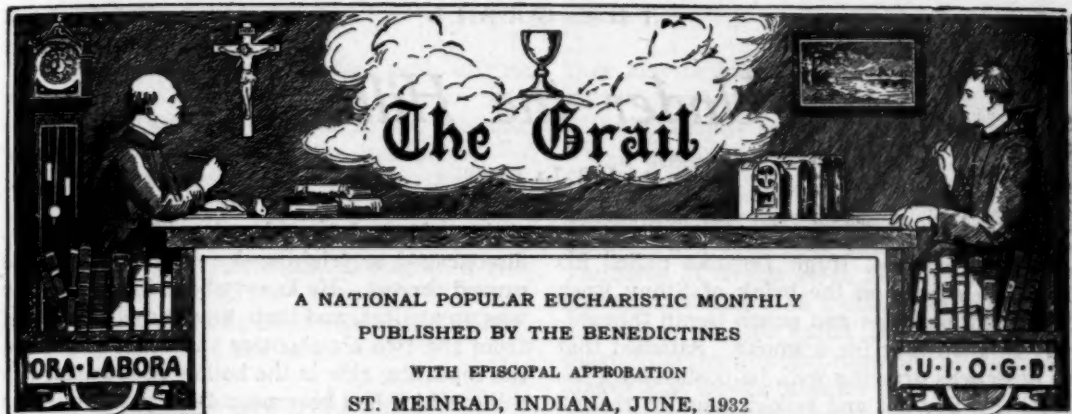
"Yet the heroes of old sent their sons o'er the sea,  
To conquer new realms for their crown;—  
Howsoe'er mothers wept over their destiny,  
Lest their darling be killed,—or else drown.

"Father Abraham made that supreme sacrifice  
When I bade him to offer his son  
In his prime to Jehovah,—a gift without price,  
A type of the Holiest One

"Thou didst send upon earth to die on the Rood,  
Most generous Father of All!  
Men could show something of thine Own Love, if they would  
Gladly heed me, when voicing Thy Call!"

\* \* \* \* \*

And when the Angel passed the Golden Gates,  
There was a hush in Heaven as of an hour.



## Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

### HABITS OF VIRTUE

What is the secret of the rapidity with which the trained stenographer copies a dictation? How do our Olympic runners attain such speed on the track? How do men in any vocation or pursuit in life achieve precision and perfection in accomplishing the work they have set themselves to perform? The answer to all these questions is obvious. It is by constant practice that all perfection is gained. In the sacred liturgy the Church has for centuries provided the faithful with adequate practice in all those acts which tend to form in the soul true habits of virtue and sanctity. The knowledge of the essential truths of our holy religion is imparted to us through our participation in the liturgical functions of the Church. Thus, by careful and conscious repetition of the sign of the Cross we come to a better appreciation of the mysteries of the Holy Trinity and of the Redemption. By faithful attendance at Holy Mass we grow in the understanding of the precious worth of Christ's Sacramental Presence and sacrifice on the Altar.

### THE SOLITARY SOUL

Although it is true that the concerns of our salvation should be of individual importance to each one of us, still it is the teaching of the Church and the Bridegroom of the Church that the needs of salvation are most quickly brought to us from the Giver of all gifts by our union with the universal prayer of the Church. Indeed pitiable, then, is the case of some souls who, rather than follow the common way, and join themselves and their petitions to the great voice of the liturgy, strive to attain the goal of their desires by the short cut of their individualism. But do they really obtain results more quickly in this way? Ah! the solitary soul, praying alone, wrestling single-handed with temptations, has been made the subject of

great poetical flights of fancy. Holy men and women have prayed in solitude, anchorites have wrought great good by their prayers and penances performed in seclusion, but their isolation was of the body only. Their prayer was united ever to the prayer of the Church, for they prayed in, and with, Christ, her Founder and Head.

### DEVOTION AND DEVOTIONALISM

Solitary piety easily seeks the fanciful in devotional practices, just as men who dwell constantly alone quickly become eccentric in their methods and habits. *Devotionalism is not devotion*—rather, it is an aberration and a shunting of the mind's attention from the real important acts of piety to those of minor, or even of no, value in the eyes of God. Catholics who thus attach great importance to pious practices of their own invention, to the exclusion of the liturgical acts of the Church, would do well to reflect that it is just such abnormalities which throw discredit upon religious practices in general and call forth the mockeries of non-believers.

## Sonnets of the Holy Mass

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

### To the Chalice Maker

The sea of sorrows that o'erwhelmed Our Lord  
On Calvary's height was not all bitterness,  
But broke into pure foam with precious hoard  
Of myriad pearls for ransom from distress.

So let the circuit of this chalice base  
Be set with chaplet of twelve pearls of price,  
To border round Christ's very realm of grace,  
When Precious Blood doth flow in Sacrifice.

But, prithee, leave a free space in the midst  
For this fair purple cross of amethyst,  
And make it fast there with gold clasping neat.

So when the sunshine makes it all ablaze,  
The very pearls will glitter to Christ's praise  
Like tears of Magdalen about His Feet.

## Under the Hills

J. S. LA KOTA

SAUNTERING along o'er Dakota's undulating prairies, Hugh Devoine pulled his bronco to a halt on the brink of Stony Rush and taking out pipe and pouch began thoughtfully to get ready for a smoke. Satisfied that the brier was drawing well, he pushed back his broad cow-boy hat and looked casually, though deliberately, over the surrounding country. Behind him to the east stretched the prairie, rising and falling in immense waves jagged by an occasional bluff-sided butte. Before him, sinking down through breaks and circling draws, lay the four-mile width of Stony Rush. On the south end of Stony, as the gulch was familiarly known, the Missouri River gleamed very bright in the evening sunshine. Behind the western prairies beyond Stony Rush the sun was low. The breaks and undergrowth of the draws far down the gulch were already in deep shade.

With thirty years behind him, Devoine was still in the prime of life. His great height made him appear to be of rather slim build. None, however, who had tested his strength, would ever dispute the quality of muscles that ran the length of his long legs and arms nor the strength of heart that beat beneath his square chest. Square is the right word. In spite of his generous length there was something decidedly square about the man, especially his face, jaw, and forehead. And when he smiled, it was like the undoing of a block of wood and one almost unconsciously wondered how he did it. Hugh was not smiling now, though his face did relax a bit under the soothing massage of the tobacco smoke. For three days he had been trying to round up his cattle and repair the fences where the free rangers had torn them down. There had been much resentment when Devoine, a newcomer, but an old hand at ranching, had fenced off his four sections, which included the river end of Stony. This resentment had taken a practical form. But against the resentment of these free rangers Hugh had determination equally

strong. He had figured on trouble and was not discouraged or frightened when his figures proved correct. He knew what kind of men he was up against, and their kind may be inferred from the two six-shooters in his holsters and the repeating rifle in the hollow of his arm. His collie, which had been peacefully panting on its haunches, gave a quick growl and with bared teeth glared towards a clump of bushes down in the nearest draw. Simultaneously there was the flash and report of a rifle and a bullet sent our rancher's hat a trifle into the air. Unmoved, Devoine made two motions: his left hand reached for his hat, his right lifted the high-powered rifle to his shoulder, and before the first report had echoed from the valley side a second was on in swift pursuit, while down the draw a free-rancher was adjusting his own headgear in grim mimicry.

With apparent unconcern Devoine turned the bronco and rode down the little trail, which by a tangle of windings finally brought him to his house on the hillside near the bottom of the gulch. A short distance from the dwelling, a little better than the usual rancher's hut, was a large corral and a low-roofed barn or rather shed. On the north end of this latter was painted in large letters "H D," Devoine's brand.

As Hugh neared his door he was greeted with the comforting odor of frying bacon and eggs, for within an ancient Scotch-Irishman, Mike Brannan by name, was wielding the few cooking utensils with the sprightliness of a youth and the skill of a woman,—all with his pipe in his mouth. A fuzzy, greasy skull cap rested over his scanty gray hair at an angle which suggested that it was trying to wink at the bald pate beneath.

"Jeminie Pelch, the biscuits burnin'!" and he made a dive for the stove door to rescue the delicious staff of life. "All right, Devy, supper's ready; come 'nd git around it."

Devoine gave his broad hat a twirl, which made it neatly lasso a nail driven into the wall, and in silence they proceeded to "get around"



the biscuit, bacon, eggs, butter, and infinite coffee.

"All the cattle in?" inquired the old man when, pipes lit, they sat by the open door.

"All but two heifers and a steer. Anybody been around, Mike?"

Brannan carelessly spit into the eye of a curious toad which had squatted some ten feet away. "Tim Langdon. Somebody's rustled fifty steers from the Fort George Country. Says 'e's got a good line on who 'tis."

"Who?"

Mike drew a few comforting puffs. "C. V."

"Carter?"

"That's him."

"When were they taken?"

"Night 'fore last."

"It's a lie, Mike."

For a few minutes the men puffed at their pipes in silence, the stillness of the great West seemingly intensified by the water rippling in the branch and the occasional howl of a hungry coyote. The old man cast occasional uneasy glances towards the young rancher. Finally he asked the question which all the time had been uppermost in his mind.

"What's the shootin' about, Devy?"

"Jim Hawkins tipped my hat to himself and I thought I might as well get in on the compliment."

"D'you know what that means, Devy?"

"Sure. He'll shoot lower next time."

"Anytime now, Devy. Better shut the door. Anybody could pick ye off settin' here in all this moonshine," and he made a move to close the door.

"Oh, h—l!" protested Devoine, but in an instant his revolver was whipped out and he rushed from the building, taking the precaution, however, to move within the protecting shadow of the small trees. "Stop d—n quick!" he commanded a figure moving towards the house.

"Oh, Hugh," came the broken and almost sobbing voice of a girl.

One rush and Devoine was at the girl's side, his arms about her. She clung to him, the tears trickling from her cheeks onto his broad breast.

"What is it, girlie?"

"Hugh, you must leave to-night, right away.

They may be here any time to—to hurt you," and clinging to her lover, the girl gave full vent to the conflicting emotions that tore her heart.

Now Kathleen Carter was the daughter of C. V. Carter, the leader of the free rangers, and it had been her luck to fall in love with this enemy of her father, or rather one whom the conditions of things made her father's enemy. Since lovers' talk is in a dialect known only to themselves we had better state in plain language that the girl had come to tell the young ranger that all his enemies were gathered this night in a rancher's house near the head of Stony Rush to pass sentence on the bold fellow and this sentence would in much probability be carried out before the morning came.

"Then, Hugh dear, if you love me, please, oh—please go away for a while."

The young man kissed her tenderly. "Now, sweetheart, you must not talk like that. No harm will come to me I assure you, and," he added, "I will never hurt your father."

"But they shot at you to-day."

"No," he laughed, "the fellow shot at my hat. I saw him all the time. But it's the last time they get the first shot," he added grimly. "Now, child, you run off to bed. I have a plan that will entertain them for the night, at least."

Gently but firmly he led the girl to her bronco and helped her into the saddle. He stood watching her until the bushes hid rider and horse from view, then turned slowly towards the house, his face grave, yet a light of mischief in his grey eyes.

"Hungh!" came a soft chuckle at his elbow. Devoine started, then turned quietly to an old Crow Creek Indian who had noiselessly drawn near. On his feet were beaded moccasins. The rest of his apparel was half savage, half civilized. He was of medium build, very much wrinkled all over his face, but straight as the proverbial arrow.

"Why, how! Walks on the Wind!" exclaimed Devoine holding out his hand. Solemnly they shook hands.

"Hungh!" chuckled the Indian again. "Tall Boy no hear, no see when young squaw here. Only see young squaw. Only hear young squaw."

"Now, Koda (Sioux for friend), I am sure you are hungry. Come in and eat."

As the old fellow ate his supper the young rancher was busy gathering a few things together, among them a good supply of high explosives.

"What's doing now, Devy?" inquired Mike, who had been watching these preparations with much interest.

"The water's stopped running, Mike?"

"Hey! Jeminie pelch! It never done that before. What are ye goin' t' do with all that blasting stuff?"

"Start the water again, Mike."

Mike rushed out to the little creek and rushed back again.

"Bitin' rattlesnakes! They aint enough water down there to swim a wiggle-tail."

"There will be more soon, Mike," asserted Devoine taking up his gun. "Hold the ranch till I get back."

"Tall Boy give supper when Walks on the Wind hungry." Spoke the Indian, stuffing the remains of his supper into his pockets. "Now Tall Boy go in danger. Walks on the Wind go too. He be Tall Boy's eyes and ears. Tall Boy have eyes and ears only for young squaw."

Devoine grinned at this sally of the old Indian. Then in silence they proceeded to get their broncos and as silently rode up the gulch.

"How Tall Boy make water run again? Got heap big medicine?"

"Going to make heap big hell, Walks on the Wind."

"Hungh!"

It was as Devoine had guessed. About a mile up the gulch and on his own land the waters of Stony passed through banks that were very high and comparatively narrow. Here a strong wall of rocks and mortar had been built. Above this the creek had little slope for a distance of a quarter of a mile so that the very large lake bed formed in this way could easily accommodate all the water which in a year's time might flow from the springs above.

"Hungh!" At this soft exclamation of the Indian, Hugh instantly drew aside into the bushes but not before his keen eyes also had detected the shadow of a man against the wall. As the Indian uttered the grunt of warning he slid from his pony and disappeared. Devoine also dismounted and stealthily crept through the bushes till he was hidden on the west side

of the dam across from where the guard stood. Here he waited.

Presently the sharp bark of a coyote came from up the hill on the east side.

"Guess I'll take a pot at the d—d beast," muttered the man. "No," he hesitated, "It'll disturb the meetin'." Any way he climbed the dam and stood looking,—but not long. Hugh's arm shot out and snakelike the lasso sped towards its mark. Hearing the sing of the lasso, the man half turned and started to throw up one arm to ward it off but, too late. Down came the rope. A jerk from powerful arms and he was hurled head first into three feet of water. A loud curse was muffled in a gurgling of water. Struggling and coughing and emitting oaths with what little breath he could eke into his strangling lungs, the fellow rose and tried to climb the wall only to be again sent headlong into the muddy water. Grinning, Hugh kept up the play till the man could rise no more. Then he dragged him out, securely bound his hands and feet and lay him over the wall in such manner that the water might drain from his lungs.

The Indian who, returning, had been watching this procedure with no small amount of astonished enjoyment now, at a sign from Devoine, again disappeared. He was going to stand watch. The rancher immediately got to work to drill a hole into the solid wall. In half an hour this was done. He had just finished trimming the fuse when a gasp of horror drew his attention to the half drowned man lying on the wall. Hatred and fear burned in his eyes. Devoine lit the fuse and prepared to leave. As he stepped off the wall the man cried out in terror. Devoine paused. "Well, Jim, if you're finished bathing better come along. I don't like the position of that bathtub of yours. It's going up the creek a bit and if you don't get off there you'll go with it."

"You——"

"Hold there!" With a terrible voice Hugh was at his side.

"I beg pardon, Devoinē," he whined, "but, for God's sake, don't leave me here like this. I swear——"

"You've done enough swearing for one night, Jim Hawkins." His anger now thoroughly aroused, Hugh spoke with icy calmness. He was much inclined to leave the man on the wall

to perish, but there rose before his memory a tear-stained, tender face silhouetted against long waves of dark hair. His tough cheek seemed to feel anew the touch of the pure, sweet lips of the girl he loved. His harsh look relaxed. In a voice now made husky by conflicting emotions he spoke:

"Now, you dirty cattle thief!"—at these abusive words the despairing eyes of the free ranger took hope. It was well known that when Devoine abused and swore he was safe. Only when his tones took on the icy edge of calm politeness was he dangerous. "You sneaking rustler!" Here Hugh stamped out the fuse. "You and a few others of your ilk have been accusing me of rustling. Answer!"

The man did not answer. "Jim, are you going to answer?" again the cold edge was on the words. The captive nodded. "Yes we did, Devoine."

"And a set of hirelings in your pay have been spreading the report that old man Carter was rustling cattle and horses from the Lower Brule country. And, you double-crossing villain, you've been working on old Carter's love for the full range to make him believe I'm a thief."

The fellow looked surprised and hesitated, but, thinking better of it, grunted a reluctant assent.

"And all this time you and your skulking wolves have been doing the rustling yourselves. Most of the cattle and the horses are now in the hills of old Stony, and you've made a bum job of changing their brands."

At this the man looked bewildered. How Devoine had learned so much, he could not understand. In fact Devoine was making the best of what little he did know and by chance had hit on the truth. The secret of the immense caves under the hills of old Stony, however, had been made known to him by Walks on the Wind. Together they had visited a few of these and there had seen some of Devoine's own cattle, a good many of Carter's, and not a few of the near-by ranchers', as well as cattle belonging to the people around Fort George over in the Lower Brule country. The brands had recently been changed.

"You've got the goods on us, Devoine. But how in the devil you found out—"

At this moment Devoine heard a low whistle and sprang into the bushes. It was the Indian who had reasons of his own for not wanting to be seen in Devoine's company by one of the enemy.

"Tall Boy better hurry. Raise big hell. Lots men come. All much mad."

Devoine leaped to the wall, quickly lit the fuse, and carrying his astonished captive under one arm, hastened to his horse. Here he gagged the man, cut the bindings of his feet and helped him to mount his own horse which the Indian had found and tied along side of Devoine's. At this time a group of horsemen appeared dimly in the shadows of the small trees. One of them a large elderly man was somewhat in front of the others. The fuse was sputtering out a jet of sparks. In a few minutes the explosion would come. The large man saw the glow and made a dash towards the wall. Devoine could now easily have made his escape but again the tear-stained face of the girl he loved rose before him.

"Hold on, Carter, the fuse is almost burned up" he sang out coolly. Carter gave him a look of scorn, but kept right on. Then Hugh's gun spoke. Carter's horse shuddered, stumbled, and sank to the ground.

"Hated to do it, Carter, but it's dangerous to go near there, you know."

The other horsemen who had watched this, astonished by the cool daring,—yes, and some even felt the chivalry of it,—now let loose a volley. As the bullets sang about him, Devoine rushed away leading his captive's horse. Suddenly the earth trembled, rocks and mortar were whirled in every direction and a low deep explosion reverberated through the gulch. With wild yells of baffled rage the horsemen, some dozen in number, rushed on in pursuit of Devoine. All but Carter. Refusing the horse offered him, he slowly made his way to the ruined dam and stood there quietly. Here Devoine saw him standing in deep thought, when, after making a dash down the gulch he had cunningly turned back to let the men vainly beat the bushes for him. Carter's keen glance fell on Devoine. With unbelievable quickness his gun covered the young rancher. Hugh sat unmoved gazing steadily at the old man, whose



finger was twitching at the trigger. That hand, Hugh well knew, never missed.

Suddenly Carter let down the gun, slowly replaced it in the holster and walked to where his horse lay, pierced through the heart by a bullet from the man whose life he had just spared. Shouts now arose down the gulch. The pursuers had discovered that they had been tricked and were returning. A shot from the hillside brought one of their horses to the ground. The Indian was doing his part. Instantly the body rushed up the hill and loose rocks could be heard rolling down the hill, dislodged by the struggling feet of the horses. Carter who had taken his saddle from the dead horse faced about. "Better go now, young man," and without another word he turned homeward, carrying his saddle.

As Devoine started to leave, a man rode through the bushes not two feet from him. Thinking help was at hand, Devoine's captive promptly drove the spurs into his horse's flanks. The animal lunged forward. Unwittingly, he by this action saved his captor's life; for the sudden plunge of the horse caused Devoine to reel slightly as a ball, fired point-blank, spat towards his head. Before his assailant could shoot a second time, the young rancher's mighty paw grasped the hand which held the gun and with a howl of pain he let the weapon fall from his hand,—paralyzed by a broken wrist. With lightning rapidity a long arm went about the man's waist and in another moment Hugh was speeding down the gulch, a second prisoner held across the withers of his horse.

All night long Carter sat by the open fire,—for the Dakota night was chilly,—and smoked and pondered. He was getting suspicious that he was the dupe of evil men. That they had used his well-known prejudices in favor of the free range for their own selfish ends. He much doubted the tales that Devoine was a rustler, a thief. He had not in his long and eventful time upon the range known a thief who at the risk of his own life,—for Devoine surely knew that capture that night meant death,—would save an enemy, or who brazenly and unmoved could look down the muzzle of his revolver. Ah! what a man he was,—for the old rancher had witnessed the manner in which Hugh had dealt with his assailant there by the destroyed

dam. He smiled grimly when, towards morning, he heard far down the gulch shouts and the rattle of rifle fire. They would never get him. He half arose. "The deuce!" he muttered, "if I didn't know how he'd treat them I'd go and help the lad." "Well, let them go on and taste what it is to meet a man!"

A door opened and His daughter, awakened from her troubled sleep, came into the room. With a glad cry she fell weeping on her father's breast. He fondly stroked the long hair rolling down her slender neck and shoulders, and as each tremor of emotion passed through her frame he pressed her tightly to his broad breast.

The firing, which had lulled, now broke out with double force. With a little shudder of fear the girl looked up at her father.

"Oh, Daddy dear, what are they doing?" she sobbed.

"Humph! Not much, I reckon, 'cept make noise."

"But why do they want to—to kill him? What has he done?"

"Why, child, the man's a rustler, a thief. He's been stealing your daddy's cattle and horses," he answered doubtfully.

"Oh, Daddy. I know he isn't. He told me he would never hurt *you*!"

"Hey! How's that? He told you? When? Tarnation! That explains it." He added to himself. "He sure had plenty chance to hurt me. Though, confound him, he shot my best horse."

"Did he? Did he, Daddy? He shot your horse!"

"Well, yes, little girl. But if he hadn't you'd have no old daddy this morning." He chuckled as he recalled the cool deviltry and boldness of it all. Then he explained what had happened.

"See, Daddy, oh, I know he isn't—"

An explosion that shook the windows boomed up from the scene of fighting.

"Tarnation! Sounds like the lad had brought out his heavy artillery." Unconsciously the old man was siding with the young rancher. He rushed to the door and stepped outside. Suddenly his form stiffened and, with a deep growl, he met the onslaught of two heavy men.

"Quick, girlie, my gun," he called as with enormous strength he flung the men to the



ground. But others rushed on him. Fighting like a wounded elephant, he was finally overpowered, gagged, put upon a horse and taken hastily away. It was a crowd of ranchers from Fort George. As his captors bore him off, the old man glanced back. Through the open door he saw his daughter lying on the floor. The poor girl had fainted. As the old man saw his daughter, such an expression came over his face that the men around him shrank from him. None could meet the flashing look that darted from his blood-shot eyes.

Matters were lively down at the H. D. Ranch. Shortly after Devoine with his two prisoners reached home, the raiders made their appearance. They surrounded the place on all sides, taking possession of the barn and corral. The surrounding bushes and small trees, rocks and holes were utilized for cover. They did not, however, have their own way altogether. Several attempted to reach some cover near enough for them to form an estimation of what Mike cooked for breakfast when that important hour should come, but their olfactory organs were doomed to disappointment. One carried away from this attempt a broken shoulder, another a limp arm. The rest were satisfied with these laurels of their unlucky companions and retired to a more respectful distance, for the guns inside were bent on being formal. A constant dropping fire was directed towards the house. Other preparations were going on behind the crown of the hill.

What these were was revealed to the besieged men shortly after the first streaks of dawn began to glow in the East. Under cover of darkness the prairie grass had been cut close from a part of the eastern hillside so that a wide path led from the top of the hill to the bare space around Devoine's house. A large hoghead was filled with this grass and other combustibles. At the first light all was ready and the barrel was rolled in position ready to be fired and sent down the hill to set fire to the besieged building. The path had been cut wide to prevent the grass on the hill from being ignited and resulting in a dreaded prairie fire. Devoine's keen glance took all this in. Unless something were done, their destruction was certain. All eyes were now on the barrel. Already a man was leaning over with a lit match.

Suddenly the window was flung open and the young rancher thrust the bound captives out directly where the first fire would burn them. A rifle shot drew blood from the ranchers' cheek as he hastily closed the window. Now the barrel blazed up and from behind a man gave it a shove just as a shout of warning came from below. Too late! The blazing mass was on its way. In horror the bound men shrieked and endeavored to roll away from the path of the onrushing flames, but strong wires from within held them there in the jaws of destruction. Devoine himself grew pale at the thought of the terrible fate of the two men. His own no less certain doom fled him for the moment. Suddenly he flung open the window and with one motion threw the prisoners far to one side. All this before the barrel was half way down the hill. A hail of bullets sang round him as he again jumped back into the house.

Years before, when the staves of the onrushing hoghead were yet a part of a great tree, Mike Brannan was preparing, unconsciously indeed, for just this emergency. At the close of the Civil war, Mike, a discharged artilleryman, made his way to the West carrying with him a small piece of ordinance that he had grown to love throughout that bloody war. In spite of many jeers, he had always clung to it. In his attic room at the Devoine ranch he had mounted it as best he could and provided loopholes by making parts of the roof removable. All this was unknown to Devoine, whose raillery he feared.

From the attic now came a terrific roar. At the same time the floor above gave way and the heavy gun crashed down into the room below. On the hillside the scene suddenly changed. The shot from the small cannon had caught the burning barrel fairly in the middle. The result was that it was hurled all over the hillside in hundreds of burning pieces. In one moment the hill was ablaze and the fire went tearing up against the men on the eastern side of the hill.

"Jeminie pelch! I've started something," commented Mike, cautiously thrusting an angle of his bald head toward the gunhole. "All right down there, Devy?"

"All right, Mike. Better come down and load that horse pistol again."

However, for the present they were free

from molestation. All hands were called to fight the fire, which was now raging towards the Northeast in the direction of the homes of most of the cattlemen.

Walks on the Wind just happened to be riding down the gulch that morning. He paused wonderingly to look at the havoc worked on the dam on the preceding night. "Hungh! Much big..."

The sound of racing horse feet caused him to look quickly around. A horse was charging through the brush and on its back sat a woman. The light from the now enormous prairie fire gave a weird look to the white and drawn face painted against a streaming mass of black hair. The girl did not even glance at the Indian, but like the wind rushed on down the gulch.

"Hungh! Young squaw much afraid for young white warrior. No need be 'fraid. Make much more big medicine. Raise heap big hell," and he leisurely followed after Kathleen Carter. However, as he neared the ranch, he urged his horse forward, for he saw Devoine and Brannan heavily armed and followed by Kathleen rush over the western crest of Stony in the direction of the Missouri crossing. He turned towards Devoine's house. Nearby he found the bodies of Hugh's two prisoners. Jim Hawkins was shot through the head; the other, though still alive, was pierced through the chest. Someone had evidently given them the merciful shots just before Devoine threw them to safety. Going inside, the Indian searched until he found food. Then, mounting his bronco, he rode up the gulch and disappeared, to all evidence swallowed up by the hills.

At sunrise a boat was preparing to leave the east bank of the Missouri River at the Ft. George Crossing. Heavily bound, old Carter sat in the bottom of the boat guarded by two men. Two men were at the oars, while a man sat in either end of the boat. Just as they were ready to shove out from the shore there came a sharp cry: "Hands up!" Hardly able to believe their senses, the men complied, for there on the bank above were Devoine and Brannan, the men who, they had felt sure, were by this time either dead or prisoners, each very much alive and with a pointed pistol in either hand. The leader of the crowd, who sat in the stern of the boat, spoke up:

"Now look here, Devoine—" Just then Kathleen rushed down the bank into the boat and threw her arms around her father's neck.

"Loose that man instantly, Sam." There was no mistaking Devoine's tone and the leader did as bidden, and presently old Carter, a picture of rage and humiliation, stepped to the shore. Rage at his captors, humiliation that his release had come from Devoine. "Keep quiet now, Mr. Carter," Hugh commanded, and much to his own surprise the old man did not move or speak. "Now, Sam, will your men do as you tell them?"

The man nodded assent.

"Well then, tell them to stay right where they are, and you come up here. I want to speak to you and Mr. Carter."

The men in the boat did as told, their obedience impressed by the two guns in Mike's steady hands.

"Look here, Devoine," Sam Rowan began, "you had better not interfere in this matter. You have no quarrel with us, nor we with you. You settle your troubles and we'll settle ours." Rowan was a tall powerful fellow and not bad. But he believed strictly in the ranchers' rights to settle their own affairs, even to the death penalty. "By this act of yours you are defending a rustler, and are liable to the consequences."

Devoine waited calmly, wiping the trickling blood from his cheek. "Sam, you're a durned fool," he replied easily. "Carter, too, has been fooled. Who told you this man was a rustler?"

"Jim Hawkins and Tim Langdon had the best line on him. Understand, Devoine, we were going to give Carter a trial, a fair trial. Hawkins and Langdon were to be here this morning to furnish the proof."

"Well, they've told their last lies, Sam."

"What you mean—their last lies?"

"Both are dead," and Devoine briefly stated what had happened. "Sam, those two men were the rustlers. You've heard of the caverns under old Stony? Well, all your cattle, and my cattle and Carter's, and some fifty belonging to other less honest people are right there under the hills. I saw them yesterday. Never mind who showed me. Now call up your men."

While the men sullenly stood about, Devoine took from his pocket a sheet of paper. There,

scrawled in very poor writing, was a confession of the two rustlers. Devoine had forced this from them. A small map of the caverns, the place of entrance. The place where of nights they had been driven out to feed upon the range. All subscribed to by the hands of Jim Hawkins and Tim Langdon.

"Gentlemen, you will find your live stock there. The rustlers are dead. I guess we can go along peacefully together now."

The men nodded and quickly made preparations to return. The horses were brought out and the little party rode back. But not before Mr. Roman in the name of all had apologized to Mr. Carter and his daughter. Carter rode apart from the others some distance out on the prairie. Devoine and Kathleen cantered in the rear.

As they neared Stony Rush, men could be seen far off to the Northeast frantically endeavoring to check the oncoming flames.

But now a strange sight met their gaze. In plain view against the blackened prairie on the east side of Stony a large herd of cattle, guarded by a solitary figure was moving slowly to the South. It was Walks on the Wind, who jealous of the secret of the hidden caverns, had driven out the rustled cattle. They found De-

voine's house undisturbed. Langdon was not yet dead but was dying. With his last gasps he confirmed the former confession of rustling cattle.

We shall now leave the ranchers to claim their cattle and fight fire. We shall also leave the Indian to retire within his beloved and jealous secret caves in the hills. No one, not even Devoine himself could ever find the opening. He had been there but once and the fire had wiped out what few landmarks he had perceived. But to this day old Stony is still caving in—silent evidence of the hidden caverns. Finally a day came when Walks on the Wind no more emerged from the hillside, but the Indians say that before every prairie fire he may be seen hastening into the hills of Stony with a herd of phantom cattle. Old Mike still has his beloved little cannon mounted in the attic of the old ranch house where he and Mr. Carter vie with each other in telling stories of the olden days. For the old place is but a step from the new house of Carter, Hugh and Kathleen and their three little Devoines, beneath the hills of Stony Rush.

Let us so receive the Body of Christ that our example may be an incentive to others.



SKAGWAY, ALASKA



# What do you Know About Alaska?

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH

**A** LONG the cost of Southeastern Alaska is a marvelous water passage somewhat like a salt river, which the inhabitants call the "Inside Passage." Extending from Puget Sound to the north for a thousand miles, bordered by mainland and islands which are mountainous or tree-clad, the waterway is noted for its scenic beauties. Snow-capped heights descend to its edge and glaciers throw off great chunks of icebergs. Strange to relate, the climate—due to the Japan Current—is mild, and it is possible to sit on deck of a steamer and enjoy the mighty glaciers which are hardly a stone's throw away. Every summer this stretch of water, which has been likened to the fjords of Norway, becomes better known and many "Chee-chaw-koes," as settlers, or "Sour dough stiff," call the tenderfeet, take the journey of ten days or so.

Long before the eighteenth century Russian, French, English, and Americans played a part here. The Royal Standard of Spain floated from a small schooner that touched this coast, the H. M. S. *Queen Charlotte* sighted these shores in 1787, and the Hudson Bay Company came to dicker for furs. Famous clipper ships of New England stopped on this coast on the way to China and Captain Cook with his ships *Resolution* and *Discovery* skirted these shores. Shortly after, the Russians established the Russian American Company of the Northwest Coast of America. Captain Bering and Chirikov explored the land bordering on the water. In 1799 Russia formally took possession in the name of the Russian American Company, the chief resident director being Alexan-

der Baranov, who founded Sitka in 1804. The reign of this chartered company ended in 1881 when Prince Maksutov was appointed Imperial Governor. When Russia offered Alaska to the United States there was opposition to its purchase in Washington. One congressman thundered: "We could buy a much superior

elephant in Siam or Bombay for one hundredth part of the money, with one thousandth part of the expense in keeping the animal in proper condition." But Secretary Seward, aided by the eloquence of Sumner, carried the deal through and October 18, 1867, a commissioner of the Tsar arrived at Sitka and spoke the words of the ceremony that made Alaska a part of the United States.

To-day Alaska to many persons does not seem remote, for now a trip to these parts is often on the itinerary of those who wish to live up to the motto "See America First." Though few persons out for pleasure may go as far north as Teller, the hamlet where the Norge landed, there are many who go to parts of Alaska whose scenic features rank with the Yellowstone, Yosemite, and Niagara Falls. It actually seems as if Alaska is becoming appreciated. At any rate in the last two decades two notable achievements can be credited to it. These are the introduction of reindeer and the construction of the Government Railroad. The Norge settled the question as to whether there is land north of Alaska. While neighboring sections of Canada have forged ahead, Alaska has been trying to combat popular ideas about its bleakness and cold. Some of these have been dispelled and Washington assures the Alaskans there will be less red tape, more



Totem Pole at Sitka



lumber will be cut, and the fishing policy will be changed.

It is remarkable that in spite of handicaps business does well in Alaska. The reindeer business grows. The animals increase rapidly in numbers and the meat in the form of roasts and steaks is popular in the States. Exports of fish increase, mining goes on and lumber from the Tongass National Forest is shipped to Australia, England, and the States where large quantities are used for making boxes. Saw mills have been established but as yet the forests have been barely touched, for it is estimated that there are 156,000 square miles of woodlands in Alaska. The Tongass National Forest alone is one hundred miles wide and extends from Mount St. Elias along the coast to the Kenai Peninsula. A beginning has been made in the lumber industry and there are hopes that red tape, which has hindered this country more than any other of America's possessions, will be modified. Scores of instances could be quoted where Alaska has been hampered in development. As an illustration, there is the man who wanted to start a fox farm and desired to lease an island off the coast for the purpose. Continuous correspondence for a long period brought the conclusion that no Washington department had jurisdiction to let him do this. It seems impossible to convince Congress that in a country the equal in size to more than twenty of our States there are many kinds of climate, that it is in the same latitude as Greenland where business flourishes and that many Alaskan ports are practically open the year round. Sitka, Ketchikan, Juneau (the capital), have climates milder than New York. The interior has cold winters and short, warm summers, but almost twenty-four hours of sunlight in a summer day make crops grow. Of course it was the famous Klondike strike that made Alaska known to the world. Then the fisheries become known and since then the territory has paid for itself many times over. Yet with a wealth of fisheries—it is estimated that 40,000 square miles of cod and halibut banks are known to surveys—with a wealth of minerals and with abundant forests and land good for agriculture, Alaska has been little known. But the westward trend is continuing and the territory gains recognition.

Alaska is reached by steamers and there are several routes operating with railroad lines at coast ports. Boats in spring, summer, and fall sail almost daily from Seattle, Portland, Vancouver, Victoria, and San Francisco for this land of possibilities. They carry passengers and freight. At Skagway they connect with trains on the White Pass and Yukon route for interior parts via White Horse and the river steamers on the Yukon. Dawson and, at certain times of the year, towns beyond can be reached in this way. There is the famous Klondike region just back of Skagway and the railroad for a short distance runs by the side of the old wagon road used by early prospectors in "Klondike days." The railroad is a remarkable engineering feat, full of thrills, and in places it glides along the sheer walls of precipices. Twenty miles from Skagway is the boundary between American and Canadian Territory. Other steamers call at Cordova and connect with the Copper River and Northwestern R. R., which extends one hundred and ninety-six miles into the Copper River district. Cordova harbor is free from winds and ice, the road is standard gauge with remarkable, and large steel bridges and snowsheds and the equipment is first class. At Kennecott it serves one of the largest high-grade copper mines in the world. During the summer months Fairbanks can be reached by the Richardson Highway so it is possible to make a round trip from Cordova to Seward using the Copper River and Northwestern R. R. and the new Government Railroad. There are other steamers that run to Nome and St. Michael on the Bering Sea where in summer connections can be made with boats on the Yukon.

By far the most interesting railroad to-day, because it has just been completed after almost eight years of work, is the Government Railroad served by steamers which call at Seward and Anchorage. This road taps the Fairbanks, Tanana Valley district, Matanuska coal fields and Susitna Valley region. Fairbanks is the focus point for some of the richest gold fields yet discovered in Alaska. Coal and natural resources of unbelievable extent are contiguous to this new railroad which was constructed with great difficulty because high mountains had to be crossed and deep canyons bridged.

It cost the American people \$56,000,000.

With the exception of scattered posts and missions, for the most part, civilization in Alaska has pushed along the line of treasure and the Government railroad serves over fourteen metalliferous areas and over four coal districts. It is anticipated that coal will be as low as five dollars a ton. Some of the large gold mines are also near Juneau and in places it seems as if there were literally mountains of different kinds of ore. Juneau, now the capital and principal city on the Inside Passage, is near several large gold mines which are operated at tremendous profit. Though gold was first discovered in 1869, it was not until 1880 that the first big strike was made. Now many dredges are in operation in different parts of the country and several unique methods are employed in working the low grade in the interior. Geologists say that work already done with minerals in Alaska is but a prelude to what the future will see.

The United States Government owns much of the land in Alaska and it is estimated that about 50,000 square miles of this is available for farming and grazing. Already near Fairbanks is an agricultural college about one hundred miles from the Arctic Circle. To-day several flour mills are grinding wheat and the Agricultural Department shows that the grain is equal to the best hard wheat for flour. Around Fairbanks the average length of growing days is one hundred and seven, average precipitation fifteen to seventeen inches, wheat matures in about one hundred days, and fourteen to thirty-six bushels to the acre. Buckwheat, sugar beets, potatoes, beets, and hardy vegetables produce abundantly. The almost

continuous hours of sunshine in midsummer hasten development for the sun shines more hours a day as the distance from the equator increases.

Alaska has another important asset in its world-renowned fisheries. The salmon pack is now about 4,000,000 cases. It is a common sight to see 60,000 salmon lying on a cannery floor ready to go through the canning process which is conducted with lightning speed by the most approved methods in machinery. There are large canneries at Cordova, on the Alaskan Peninsula, near Ketchikan on the Inside Passage, besides many small outfits. The Alaskan "King" salmon sometimes reaches a weight of seventy-five pounds. The codfish banks are the most extensive in the world and halibut and herring fisheries are increasing so that the Government is being urged to grant a larger appropriation for hatcheries. A somewhat newer resource in Alaska are the reindeer first introduced by Sheldon Jackson who was interested in providing for the Esquimaux. To-day, there are so many reindeer in Alaska that some persons predict that in fifty years a million reindeer will be shipped annually to Seattle and long trains filled with reindeer meat will run from the Pacific Coast to New York. At any rate, the reindeer herds, notably around the lower Yukon and Bering Sea are immense and they have proved to be an excellent animal for that country, for they can live on snow where other domestic animals cannot, their flesh is good for food, the milk is rich and nutritious, the tanned skin brings a good price, almost every part of the animal can be used for some purpose and they are unequalled for transportation in winter. There are also many

fox farms—the skin is sold for fur, five known varieties of bears, and small animals. Alaska seals have been the cause of many a controversy.

All these are substantial assets but they are equalled, if not eclipsed, by the country's colossal scenery. The moun-



MOUNTAIN SHEEP—KENAI PENINSULA, ALASKA

tains rise abruptly and the glaciers are without parallel in Europe. Some of these can be seen from the boats and car windows. Muir Glacier was for many years the most remarkable known glacier in Alaska. Great pieces of ice as large as a city business building fall off from the glacier into the sea and Muir Glacier Bay filled with this ice is a wonderful sight. This glacier is not always accessible but Taku Glacier on the "Inside Passage" is easily approached and a good specimen of an Alaskan glacier. This is a "live," blue-tinged glacier, three hundred feet high, two miles wide and as it reaches the waters' edge great icebergs drop from it into the sea. The noise can be heard for miles around. From the Copper River and Northwestern trains one can see the remarkable Childs Glacier and the Miles Glacier. For three miles the Childs Glacier lifts its towering face as it sweeps along carrying tons of ice into a river. Spencer Glacier can be seen from the new Government railroad and this, too, presents miles of glistening ice. No one knows how many "live" and "dead" glaciers there are in Alaska. Nor has any

estimate been placed on the number of stupendous ice-crowned mountains, fjords rimmed by ranges of saw-toothed heights and large and small lakes. The country from a scenic point of view is so magnificent that to describe it seems like exaggeration.

We have been slow in recognizing Alaska's value but there is reason to think that Washington is trying to map out a plan so the territory can be more rapidly developed. The Canadians in their rush for the gold fields of the Arctic have used air planes but we suffer from coal shortage while it is estimated that there are one hundred billion tons of coal in Alaska. The lawless element has gone and today there is a fine type of citizen. Civilization is pushing toward the north and west and those interested predict the harbinger of a new era for Alaska.

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Your sacrifice will seem less a burden to you, if you offer it from the Altar of Sacrifice.

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Frequent reception of Holy Communion is a good work that every one can perform.

## *An Appreciation of Willa Cather*

MARY E. SULLIVAN

**W**ILLA Cather is, apparently, a great American literary favorite. Ever since "One of Ours" with its "fragrance of old friendships and the glow of early memories" won the Pulitzer prize in 1922, her books have been lauded. She is now a front-page attraction in all literary annals. Countless readers and critics, editors, and reviewers hold her in popular respect and high regard.

Her writing reveals sincerity, kindness, and simplicity, together with an intense love of nature placid and peaceful, or terrifyingly wild and tempestuous. "That love of great spaces," she says, of rolling open country like the sea—it's the grand passion of my life. I've tried for years to get over it. I've stopped trying. It's incurable."

Evidently, she also delights in intense study of human history, especially the struggles of pioneers in America. She abandoned editorial

work to write her first novel, "Alexander's Bridge," in 1912. In her later works, she excels in economy of development and of phrase, and she displays a just perception of human nature and social relationships. Her diction is superb, and her portrayals of unpleasant facts and situations are restrained and concise. Her work is pleasing and refreshing in this heyday of the tawdry, the vulgar, and the suggestive. While displaying contrasts in character and clash of wills, she is frank and sympathetic in her delineation of the saints and sinners peopling her books.

"Death Comes for the Archbishop" was an outstanding novel in 1927, bringing to the author greater fame and favor. It has the historic background of the Southwest, and strong character delineation. In "One of Ours," "My Antonia," "O Pioneers," and "Song of the Lark," the author impresses you with an ap-



preciation of the value of persistent endeavor, patient endurance, and kindly service.

The concluding passages of "My Antonia" are surcharged with human appeal—

"The feelings of that night when as little children we met on the Nebraska trail were so near that I could reach out and touch them with my hand. I had the sense of coming home to myself, and of having found out what a little circle man's experience is. For Antonia and for me, this had been the road of Destiny; had taken us to those early accidents of fortune which predetermined for us all that we can ever be. Now I understood that the same road was to bring us together again. Whatever we had missed, we possessed together the precious, the incommunicable past."

In "Shadows on the Rock," an exquisite story of quaint Quebec, Willa Cather, re-creating the atmosphere of the colony, has reconstructed a chapter of French-Canadian history, 1697 to 1713. She affords the reader a fascinating glimpse of the forbears of a people who have through generations tenaciously held to their language and their faith, their traditions and their home—loving customs.

Recognizing that the strongholds of the pioneers, Quebec and Montreal, have Catholicity written all over them in cathedrals, churches, monasteries, convents, colleges, and hospitals built by a persistent, God-fearing people, she found therein an alluring theme. She has so powerfully vivified the "shadows" cast upon the "rock" that the site of the city stands forth as an embattlement whereon was fought a great conflict of human passions, hopes, and ambitions. We are all familiar with the result of that other conflict, but the quaintness and historic interest of old Quebec, upon which the French have irradiantly stamped their seal, remain an irresistible lure.

The chief characters in "Shadows on the Rock" are Count Frontenac sent out by the King of France as governor of Canada, the venerable, benign, appealing Bishop Laval living in that part of the old seminary which was the priests' house, contrasted with the new young bishop, Monseigneur de Saint Vallier living in splendor in a new palace; the apothecary, Monsieur Euclide Auclair, attendant of the Count, and Auclair's young daughter, Ce-

cile; Jacques, protege of Cecile and son of "Toinette Gaux, a young woman quite irreclaimable; Pierre Charron, hero of the *coureurs de bois*, and the recluse, Jeanne Le Ber, renouncing all worldly pleasure and human association to live behind the altar of the convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame in Montreal.

The following excerpts from "Shadows on the Rock" vividly portray the life, character, and faith of the French-Canadian pioneers—

"Madame Harnois' dishes, these coppers big and little, these brooms and clouts and brushes, were tools, and with them one made, not shoes or cabinet work, but life itself. One made a climate within a climate, one made the days,—the complexion, the special flavour, the special happiness of each day as it passed, one made life."

Commenting on the arrival of the Ursuline Hospitalières in Quebec,—

"In whatever little wooden vessel they had laboured across the sea, they carried all; they brought to Canada the Holy Family, the saints and martyrs, the glorious company of the Apostles, the heavenly host."

Revealing Cecile's spirituality and loyalty to her adopted land,—

"Cecile liked to think they had things of their own in Canada. The martyrdoms of the early Church which she read about in her 'Lives of the Saints' never seemed to her half so wonderful or so terrible as the martyrdoms of Fr. Brébeuf, Fr. Lalemant, Fr. Jogues, and their intrepid companions. To be thrown into the Rhone or the Moselle, or to be decapitated at Lyon,—what was that to the tortures the Jesuit missionaries endured at the hands of the Iroquois, in those savage, interminable forests?"

Reflecting on the spirit of sacrifice,—

"No man can give himself heart and soul to one thing while in the back of his mind he cherishes a desire, a secret hope, for something very different. Even in worldly affairs nothing worthwhile is accomplished except by that last sacrifice, the giving of one's self altogether and finally."

Here are some passages of fine description,—

"The glorious transmutation of autumn had come on: all the vast Canadian shores were clothed with a splendor never seen in France;



to which all the pageants of all the kings were as a taper to the sun. Even the ragged cliff-side behind the kitchen door was beautiful; the wild cherry and sumach and the blackberry vines had turned crimson, and the birch and poplar saplings were yellow.

"In the Upper Town the grey slate roofs and steeples were framed and encrusted with gold. A slope of roof or a dormer window looked out from the twisted russet branches of an elm, just as old mirrors were framed in gilt garlands. A sharp gable rose out of a soft drift of tarnished foliage like a piece of agate set in fine goldsmith's work. So many kinds of gold, all gleaming in the soft, hyacinth-colored haze of autumn: wan, sickly gold of the willows, already dropping; bright gold of the birches, copper gold of the beeches. Most beautiful of all was the tarnished gold of the elms, with a little brown in it, a little bronze, a little blue, even—a blue like amethyst, which made them melt into the azure haze with a kind of happiness, a harmony of mood that filled the air with content. The spirit of peace,

that acceptance of fate, which used to dwell in the pharmacy on Mountain Hill, had left it and come abroad to dwell in the orchards and gardens, in the little stony streets where the leaves blew about.

"The moon was high in the heavens, shining down upon the rock, with its orchards and gardens and silvery steeples. The dark forest and the distant mountains were palely visible.

"This was the moonlight of the north, cold, blue, and melancholy. It threw a shimmer over the land, but never lay in velvet folds on any wall or tower or wheat field. Out in the river the five ships from France rode at anchor."

"Shadows on the Rock" is powerful, entrancing, and artistic not in exquisite word pictures alone. It teems with manifestations of abiding faith, simple piety, true neighborliness, persistent endeavor, and loving sacrifice; consequently, it holds a magic charm for every true Catholic glorying in his heritage of these ideals.

## *Leaves from a Pilgrim's Journal*

NANCY BUCKLEY

### PARAY-LE-MONIAL—THE CITY OF THE SACRED HEART

TO the modern pilgrim—one of them at least—Paray-le-Monial was an oasis of peace in a world of bustle and hurry. How good it was to tarry here a while, to pray in the very sanctuary where the Sacred Heart appeared to St. Margaret Mary!

I arrived one morning about eleven and taxied to the charming little Hotel du Sacré Coeur. The ten-minute drive was most enjoyable. The narrow streets, the quaint buildings, so clean and fresh looking in spite of their ancient existence, the twelfth century Basilica and its towers—above all the hallowed chapel of the Visitation Convent, surely few other rides in my tour abroad offered me such joy and anticipation.

My hotel was just opposite the Visitation, and from my window I could see and hear the happy pilgrims who had come, many of them from across the ocean, to this little town of Burgundy, nestling in the rich Val d'Or or Golden Valley of central France.

How the Saint of the Sacred Heart has impressed her life, her personality on this little place! How far across the Catholic world has radiated the bright light that shone in the tiny chapel of the Visitation!

The center of devotion for all pilgrims visiting Paray-le-Monial is of course the Chapel of the Visitation, where Our Lord appeared on many occasions to St. Margaret Mary and revealed to her His Sacred Heart, commanding her to be the Apostle of this devotion.

The outside of the chapel is simple and unpretentious, unaltered since the day more than

two hundred and fifty years ago when St. Margaret Mary passed through it on her way to the convent. As I read the inscription over the entrance my heart was aglow with deep joy: "This is the sanctuary wherein took place the principal apparitions of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary. It was in this chapel that our Blessed Lord spoke those wonderful words: 'Behold the Heart that has loved men so much.'"

Entering, I was astounded at the richness and splendor of the interior. The original walls are encased in gold-lettered marble slabs of ex-votos, and are hung with flags and richly embroidered banners from every country and nation in the world. Hundreds of gold and silver lamps—many of them encrusted with precious jewels—all of them of exquisite workmanship, burn perpetually as symbols of the never-ending prayers of the faithful of the world.

Day and night in this hallowed sanctuary their bright flames leap upward toward the Sacred Heart of Him who intrusted His message of divine devotion and love to a little nun hidden away like a precious flower in an enclosed garden.

The High Altar at once arrested my attention. Of purest marble of a dazzling whiteness, it is beautifully sculptured, the tabernacle of solid gilt bronze is a masterpiece of the silversmith's craft. Just above the altar hangs Capalti's *chef d'oeuvre*, depicting the principal apparition of our Blessed Lord to St. Margaret Mary. Looking at it, I was eloquently reminded that I was treading on most sacred ground.

A thrill ran through my heart as I approached prayerfully the epistle side of the altar, where enclosed in a very beautiful reliquary are the precious remains of the Saint of the Sacred Heart. Looking at her face so filled with angelic peace and joy, I was suddenly elevated above earthly things. I fell on my knees, my eyes brimming with happy tears, my ears echoing the divine message of love uttered here: "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

How sweet the condescension of our Lord to this humble nun, who was born at Vérosvres, Burgundy, in 1647, and died at the Visitation Convent of St. Mary, Paray-le-Monial, October 17, 1690. Vérosvres is only thirty miles from Paray. From babyhood almost Margaret

showed great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Till she was twenty-four she remained at home, tenderly beloved by her mother, going about doing good, visiting the sick, instructing the poor and the ignorant.

After an heroic struggle between nature and grace she entered the Visitation at Paray-le-Monial. The path of virtue was not altogether a path of roses for Margaret. Even in the convent she had her trials and struggles, but her intense love of God, her ardent desire to serve Him in all things great and small, finally conquered. Her mission, tried in the crucible of suffering and humiliation, was recognized even by those who had shown her most bitter opposition.

The love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was a fire that consumed her and devotion to the Adorable Heart is the key note of all her writings. The first apparition took place December 27, 1663. Margaret Mary was praying before the Blessed Sacrament when Jesus appeared to her and allowed her to behold His Sacred Heart as It shone radiantly in His open breast. He addressed her as follows: "My divine Heart is so full of love for mankind that it can no longer contain the flames of its love. It must needs spread them abroad, . . . I have chosen thee because of thy unworthiness for the accomplishment of this great design, in order that everything may be done by Me."

In June, 1675, during the Octave of Corpus Christi, Our Blessed Lord spoke to her those words, now so well known:

"Behold the Heart which has loved men so much; so much that it has spared nothing, even to exhausting and consuming itself in order to testify to them its love. . . . And in return I receive from the greater part of mankind nothing but ingratitude, irreverence, contempt, and coldness. . . ."

Many other revelations were made by Our Blessed Lord to St. Margaret Mary. She lived and died from love of Jesus, and on the feast of the Ascension, 1920, Pope Benedict XV bestowed on her the honors of canonization. What a flood of graces, of miracles, has flowed over the world from this little convent, where Masses follow each other without interruption from half past five to half past eight every morning! And there are many altars in the

chapel. The convent adjoining the chapel is enclosed and cannot be visited, but other places at Paray of devotional interest are the Basilica of the Sacré Coeur, dating from the tenth century; the museum of the Blessed Sacrament, unique in the world, a compendium of everything connected with the history and devotion of the Holy Eucharist from the earliest times; the house of the Jesuit Fathers, containing the tomb of the saintly Claude de la Colombière, for many years the confessor of St. Margaret Mary; a delightful walk to the shrine of Notre Dame de Romay.

All too soon my travel schedule took me away from hallowed Paray-le-Monial, a little town very unimportant to worldly eyes, but to pilgrims, blessed with the treasure of devotion to the Sacred Heart, "A town very dear to heaven," and so appropriately named by Leo XIII.

#### THE SACRED HEART ENTHRONED ON MONTMARTRE, PARIS

It has been aptly said that he who comes to Paris finds there whatever he seeks. The artist will meet many distinguished men of his profession; the author will have the association of his brothers of the pen; the historian will revel in the interesting monuments and records; so, too, the modern pilgrim will find everywhere shrines, homes of holy memory, and churches. And my visit to one of these churches, erected on the historic height of Montmartre as a votive offering of Catholic France to the Sacred Heart, is among the most hallowed memories of my European sojourn.

A word about the history of the Basilica, called most appropriately the reply of France to a call from God, will be of interest. Our Lord appeared to Saint Margaret Mary in her convent at Paray-le-Monial, revealed to her the treasures and the promises of His power and love. He not only chose France to be the cradle of devotion to His Sacred Heart, but He also asked Margaret Mary to be the apostle of this devotion and to render Him public worship.

Wishing to use France to make amends for all the outrages received by our Lord since His Passion, Saint Margaret asked for an edifice to be erected to the glory of the Sacred Heart,

wherein It would receive the consecration of all France. But all her pleading was in vain; it was only during the war of 1870, when the fine armies of France were defeated, when the enemy was leading his successful troops to Paris, when a shameful peace was signed, that France began to see in all these successive disasters the Divine chastisements. Then she turned to Him who is ever waiting to show His tenderness and mercy to those asking it. Two laymen of ardent piety, M. M. Legentil and Rohault de Fleury, felt the necessity of a work of penance and supplication to obtain the salvation of France and the triumph of the Church. Following the initiative of the Archbishop of Paris, the foundation of the National Basilica of France was laid June 16, 1875. Montmartre was selected because it is the holy mountain of Paris, and as a chronicler of the seventeenth Century has called it, "the eye and the heart of France." Of old, watered by the blood of St. Denis, it was the cradle of the christianized city.

Montmartre has been in the course of centuries a place of battle and the natural bulwark against which the attacks of the enemies of France break. It is also a place of prayer and a rallying point for French piety. On the second of August, 1914, the last stone was put into place. To-day like a white and ideal citadel the national church stands on the crest of the hill, and here day and night the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament goes on perpetually an immense prayer for France to the Sacred Heart. On the summit of the Basilica is the grand statue of the Sacred Heart, the splendid work of M. Michel. In large letters is the inscription: "Cor Jesus Sacratissimum, Miserere Nobis." (Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us.) Entering, I bowed before the Blessed Sacrament always exposed. Then I walked slowly up the long aisle, gaining a vivid impression of the beauty and the vastness of this wonderful shrine.

The High Altar is of magnificent marble from Siena with an old ivory tint. The monumental exposition throne is a superb work of art, upon which the goldsmiths have exhausted their highest skill. Between its columns two silver angels hold the Monstrance which contains the Blessed Sacrament. The chapels



around the Basilica are numerous, but I have time to mention only a few. The St. Michael's Chapel, also called the Army Chapel, is an ex-voto from the French Army to the Sacred Heart. It is placed under the patronage of the chief of the heavenly militia and of St. Joan of Arc, the national heroine of France; the St. Louis Chapel contains two great mosaic panels, representing the saintly king rendering justice under the oak at Vincennes; the Chapel of St. Margaret Mary attracts attention by the richness and finish of its decorations. The altar especially is a *chef d'oeuvre*, combining in a remarkable manner the finest of marble with the richness of gold and of bronze; St. Joseph's Chapel is a gem of beauty and I would need all the adjectives in my vocabulary to describe its loveliness; the Lady Chapel is dedicated to the Holy and Immaculate Heart of our Blessed Mother. The altar is of purest Carrara marble, surmounted by a statue of the Blessed Virgin holding on her knee the Child Jesus. The electric lights of the altar are formed by vases, with bouquets of lilies, the flowers being of crystal with brass stems. Other Chapels are the Chapel of Sts. Luke, Cosmas and Damian, also called the Physicians' Chapel; the Chapel of St. Ignatius of Loyola;

the Chapel of St. Ursula; the Chapel of St. Vincent de Paul; the Chapel of St. Radegonde and all the Saintly Queens of France; the Chapel of the Marine, dedicated to the Star of the Sea, *Stella Maris*. How swiftly flew the hours in this glorious church! The campanile contains the celebrated bell offered by Savoy to the Sacred Heart of Montmartre and so well known all over the world by the name of its origin, the Savoyarde. It is the largest bell in all France. One evening at dusk standing on the terrace outside the Basilica, with the city spread out before me as a brilliantly colored fan, suddenly a shower of purest melody fell over me. I looked up. From the sky seemingly came the soft sweet notes of the Angelus. I shall never forget this experience.

There are other churches in Paris of exceeding interest to the pilgrim, but day after day I went up the high mountain to the Sacred Heart and humbly joined the guard of honor around the High Altar. The very atmosphere of prayer seems to penetrate the church, and gazing on the golden candles burning before the Monstrance and on the rapt faces of the worshipers, I thought that their hearts, too, were burning and being consumed before the Sacred Heart.

## The Reward of Eternal Life

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.

WE HEAR many objections against the Catholic idea of heaven and the reward of a future life. We are sometimes told that it is unworthy of an intelligent person to do good and to live a fine, Christian life for the sake of a recompense in the hereafter. These objections are readily answered. For Catholics do good, primarily from a supernatural motive, that is, from the motive of the love of God. This is the highest ideal that can animate any right-thinking person to strive upward and always to fulfill the requirements of the Law. Moreover, to be with God forever in the future life, God, Our Creator, Redeemer, and Benefactor, is after all, the end and aim of every human existence. For what is the answer to the first question of the catechism? It is this:

God made us to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next.

To realize at least faintly what it means to continue this blessed life forever in God's mansions, we may recall that earth is a place of banishment. In the prayers said after Mass we refer to our earthly home as a valley of tears. According to Herodotus the Thracians of old lamented the newborn child which was to enter upon a life of woe; but they buried their dead, who had escaped from earthly trials, with joy and hilarity.

In modern times we find the same attitude towards the false promises of our earthly years. Alexander von Humboldt said: "We wander about without knowing where to find



peace and contentment." Schelling, the German idealist, looked upon existence as a puppet play, as a stupid romance. Schopenhauer regarded life as a farce, as a disturbing and useless episode in the repose of eternal nothingness. Feuerbach, the materialist would have us view the world as a vast insane asylum and an abode of rogues.

Now if such be existence on earth, how inspiring to all servants of God the thought of heaven, the abode of blessed peace! In fact heaven is beautiful because it is the home of eternal concord and union with the elect, the saints and friends of God. There will dwell the faithful and great-minded men and women who wrought steadily while on earth for the common good and for God's glory, and ever perfected more and more their Christian character. Congenial converse is indeed one of the larger blessings of life, but in heaven it will be a joy supreme; for it will not lose its charm or fade into rehearsing of the commonplace. For the saints are free from imperfections and from those frailties that often mar human friendship.

But the crowning glory of heaven is the Beatific Vision—the endless possession and enjoyment of God Himself. Father Hurter, the learned theologian, asks us to call to mind certain truths in order to realize to some extent the surpassing nature of the highest reward of the blessed. He says: "The possession and the enjoyment of an object gives us delight greater in proportion as the object we enjoy is greater, purer, and richer in its contents. But God is not a finite good. He is the plenitude of all goodness, beauty and perfection. If even a drop, a shadow, of goodness, as it is found in creatures, makes us happy and delights us beyond measure, shall we not be entirely inebriated with delight when we behold God in His glory? 'They shall be inebriated with the plenty of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink the torrent of thy pleasure. For with thee is the fountain of life; and in thy light we shall see light.' (Ps. 35: 9, 10.)

"If the knowledge of single truths makes one feel so happy that learned men give up all earthly pleasures and spend day and night in searching for them, what delightful satisfaction must not the sight of Truth itself give, in

which the elect possess all scientific knowledge in the most brilliant light!

"So great is the bliss which consists in the possession and fruition of God that the Infinite One Himself is infinitely happy for all eternity in His self-enjoyment. If, then, it gives delight to Him who is infinite, how surpassingly glorious must it be for us. And this bliss will be ours, for the Lord said to his faithful servant: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord' (Matt. 25: 23), for this is His promised reward. Indeed, Heaven must be beautiful.

"And all this lasts for all eternity. Eternity seals the joys of heaven. Were the fear to arise in the blessed that their happiness would come to an end, they would become unhappy. Because the greater the joy, the more terrible is the thought of its ending: for the end would spell misfortune and sadness. But the blessed have an unshaken confidence in the eternity of their happiness."

Is it not worth while to persevere to the end in the practice of the evangelical counsels to make sure of the surpassing reward of the servants of God? In heaven we shall meet those who have gone before us and who have already fought the good fight. When the yoke of religious obedience seems to grow heavy, will not the thought of heaven enable us to imitate these heroes of the cross? Time is short. The combat may be severe at times, but God is with us. And then there is that beatitude, the fulfillment of all desire, of which it is written: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him.'"

## *Historic Swiss Passion Play*

F. D.

**S**ELZACH, the Swiss Oberammergeau, has announced that it is preparing for another series of Passion Play performances to be given every Sunday during the 1932 summer season, starting on June 5th and ending on October 2nd. The inhabitants of this friendly village of watchmakers and farmers near Soleure, in the blue mountains of the Jura, state in their announcement that they are fully aware of the

unstable economic conditions prevailing; that they consider it, however, their duty, just on account of the general depression, to give doubting, suffering humanity new inspiration and spiritual and moral fortitude by presenting at this time the great drama of the Passion. The players, mostly members of the cast of 1927, when the last presentations were given, have, with rare devotion, placed themselves at the entire disposal of the committee, hoping that by thus contributing their share, the performances will prove a source of spiritual uplift for all those who shall witness them.

The Selzach Passion Play is not a copy of Oberammergau, for historic records indicate that as far back as the tenth century it was the custom of certain Swiss monasteries to present the Lord's Resurrection to their congregations on Easter Sunday. Further biblical details were gradually added, and between 1500 and 1627 A. D. over 200 religious plays were given at Lucerne, Zurich, Basle, Berne, Soleure, and Bienne.

Selzach village arranged biblical presentations as early as 1457 A. D. and these gradually were improved and enlarged. A playhouse accommodating some 1600 persons was erected in 1895-96 and performances of the Passion

Play on a larger scale have since been given during the summer months of 1896, 1898, 1901, 1905, 1909, 1913, 1923, and 1927.

Over 400 persons, all inhabitants of the village, participate in the sacred drama which is divided into morning and afternoon parts. The morning performance contains nineteen "tableaux vivants" and scenes, beginning with "The Creation," and ending with the colorful "Entry into Jerusalem." The afternoon program, representing the sufferings and death of Jesus, is almost entirely dramatic. Scenes of "The Resurrection" and "The Ascension" form the end and glorious climax of the Play.

The Selzach presentations are artistic throughout and the music is consequently treated as of paramount importance. The performances will last from 11 A. M. to 4:30 P. M., with an intermission for luncheon from 1 P. M. to 2:15 P. M. An extra performance is scheduled to take place on Monday, June 20th, and another extra performance, with the exact date not yet determined, is scheduled to take place on a Monday, middle of August.

The Swiss Federal Railroads will run special trains from all parts of the country to Selzach, at reduced rates.

## St. Stephen's Square

ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL

PORTS of peace! Isles of Quietness! Such impressions came to the stranger entering St. Stephen's Square. A short street, made long ago by a caprice of city building, it gave the suggestion of being set apart—fit environment for its dignified residents.

Houses and occupants were survivals of an earlier day. Once the scene of young life, the Square had gradually settled into a sedate mood. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson in the center of the block had seen their children marry and go far away. On the southwest corner Miss Selenä Hill and her bachelor brother maintained their quiet elegance in their grandfather's handsome home. Next door, the Misses Curtis lingered among their old silver and mahogany. In the stately home on the north

corner Miss Theodora Payne had slipped from girlhood to mature womanhood, caring for her father whose mainspring of life had snapped at the death of his lovely wife twenty years ago. Miss Theodora's daughterly piety, admirable as it was, was responsible for the solitary state of Mr. Richard Clark at the other end of the street. Since his parents' death, Richard had lived alone save for two old servitors, in a large house—entirely too large for one person in an era of apartment houses and bungalows.

Many people not inaccurately opined that Mr. Clark stayed on in his home to be near Miss Theodora. In their childhood they had played together. As youth and maid their romance had illustrated the force of propin-

quity—as well as of congenial temperaments. Their wedding day had been set—but the death of Miss Theodora's mother had started that indefinite postponement of their nuptials which was such a disappointment to Richard. From year to year vainly he had tried to persuade Theodora to marry him and bring her father over to the Clark domicile. Or, if she preferred, to receive him under her father's roof—anywhere just so she married him. But gentle Theodora was obdurate—always pleading her father's need of her. So the two households continued to function separately. A preposterous situation—in the opinion of those always ready to pronounce upon other's affairs.

With these human elements, then—those whose years had crossed the meridian and those like Richard and Theodora whose lives had drifted into a quiet routine—St. Stephen's Square basked in its placidity. Even those expressive creatures, popularly known as dumb animals—cats and dogs—failed to fracture the peace. No riotous barking or meowing made midnight hideous. Models of perfect deportment were the neighborhood pets—Miss Appleton's snow-white luxurious Angora; the Clarks' ten-year-old grimalkin, Noggins; the Andersons' ancient setter, Jerry. All these led lives too sybaritic to indulge in hungry marauding and noisy adventures. Their indolent content helped to sustain the mellow dignity and restfulness of St. Stephen's.

But there was still another factor in maintaining the almost preternatural stillness of the Square. No children were included among its residents. None now took the place of the little boys and girls of yesteryear who romped through the stately houses and the street. It seemed as though the Pied Piper had come and gone, beguiling all the golden lads and lasses to some distant playground. It was the absence of their merry voices which made the place so abnormally quiet. The lack of their dancing footsteps held the scene in its mood of dignified sedateness.

But who was to say this? Nobody seemed to notice—till suddenly one day there was a change. Paradoxically it was the hand of death that brought a group of children into St. Stephen's Square. The death of elderly Mr. Payne brought to his daughter's threshold her broth-

er and sister and their children, all of whom lived in another town.

When the children arrived, neighbors promptly took them in charge and kept them as much as possible out of the house of Death. Down the street their bright frocks, their light-foot figures, adorned the old porches and yards. Nowhere were they more at home than on Mr. Richard Clark's premises. They loved his big porch, the quaint summerhouse in the side yard, the doll house where he and his sister and Theodora Payne had frolicked of yore. No cookies were so good as those which Mr. Richard's old cook made. Mr. Richard himself assumed the burden of helping to entertain the little ones. He knew he was thereby keeping them out of the way and serving Theodora. Meanwhile they enjoyed themselves in his society. When he was not performing some kind office in the bereaved household, the children swarmed around him, escorted him to the porch, begged for stories. When eventually they scampered off, he was diverted as he watched them—so much indeed that when, after the funeral they departed to their own homes, he greatly missed them.

"How they had brightened the old place! What a lot of fogies we have become without any children in the Square! I had not thought of it, but it's true. Herod might have made us a visit and slaughtered our innocents, judging from appearance! No doubt many neighborhoods might envy us. They would be glad not to have any children to make a racket and otherwise make themselves troublesome. But is that really worse than not to hear children's voices at all? Some neighborhoods, or at least apartments, refuse to have children on the place. Seems cruel to refuse them," reflected Richard. It seemed an affront to Him Who Himself once found no room at the inn, yet Who so loved little children He said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." How could His Kingdom come on earth, if roofs were to be denied to such blithe playfellows as had recently brought joy to the Square?

Meanwhile, at least for the present, the departure of the children gave Mr. Richard a chance for some innings of his own. Miss Theodora, lingering on in her old home with an elderly cousin, was more accessible to her



faithful suitor than she had been for years, indeed since their care-free youth. And Richard made the most of his opportunities for chivalrous attentions. As soon as the period of mourning permitted, the old true lover began to renew his time-honored suit:

"You really have no valid reason to put me off any longer, Theo," he declared. "Jacob hasn't anything on me for patience!"

The argument being unanswerable, the next thing was the need for a joint decision—as to where they were to live.

"Of course, my house has waited for you twenty years," said Richard.

"I know, Dick. But I hate to leave our old place. What would we do with it?"

"What would we do with mine?"

The questions balanced in the air for a few weeks. Finally one evening as he sat on his own porch before starting for Theodora's, Richard debated the matter: "Who must yield—he or she? What could they do with the superfluous house?"

It was characteristic that ultimately chivalry prevailed with Richard. He was so glad to be getting Theodora at last that he would have been willing to relinquish the handsomest house conceivable and join her in a tent on the plains if that were her choice. Meanwhile, her house having been agreed upon as their future home, Richard began seriously to consider what he would do with his own substantial dwelling. It was not exactly the type of house that rented easily these days. If he cared to sell it, he knew he could get many good offers. Its neighborhood and corner location made it most desirable, but he wanted to keep it. The obvious thing to do was to remodel it into apartments. And as he indulged—in this reflection, suddenly an inspiration came to him in a manner that, as he thought of it, made him chuckle. It must remain light and airy. Every convenience must be supplied. It must yield an income, yet prices must be kept conservative as possible.

Soon a gang of workmen appeared upon the scene. The front and side lawns were left as they were, but the back yard was somewhat changed, especially with regard to its equipment. Swings, seesaws, sand piles, hand bars, and other contraptions, as the owner called them, began to arrive in surprising numbers.

Richard was too prudent and his taste was too good to make any alterations save attractive ones. Hence, as soon as his agents' signs began to appear on the premises, inquiries as to the size and price of the apartments began to accumulate. According to their stern custom, the agents would ask the prospective tenants: "Have you any children?" And the expression, which real estate agents have come to recognize as furtive or defiant, would appear as a timorous affirmative was given. Amazement would then stamp the home-seekers' faces as the agents answered: "That's all right! We don't mind 'em. See the fine swings and things we've installed for 'em in the back yard yonder?"

On the other hand, when the response to the agents' inquiry about progeny was a confident "No!", the agents' reply was equally as surprising: "I'm sorry—but we don't rent to anybody without children—or at least without prospects of having children. We don't mind young couples."

Startled, mystified, the retort would then be: "Don't rent to people without children? Absurd! There must be some mistake! Did you understand us to say we didn't have any?" And as the agent would meekly bow, the irritated clients would continue: "It's ridiculous! Why, some owners, many of them, just won't rent at all to people with children, they're so destructive."

"Somehow the owner thinks they make life constructive," the agent would mutter.

"I never heard of such a thing. What kind of person is he? He must be queer, awfully erratic."

"No, he's just a normal man who likes children."

"Has he any of his own?" and a certain haughty suspicion of his sanity was apparent in the tone.

"No. Till lately he's been a bachelor."

"We might have suspected it—somebody who doesn't really know what children are like."

"But he does! He knows plenty of them! Has lots of pets! And he don't think even the worst ones ought to be massacred or—drowned in the Ganges! Yonder he comes. He don't look like a crusty bachelor, does he?"

(Continued on page 76)



# Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY, PH. D.

(Continued)

CHARITY demands that we remember others in prayer—for spiritual and temporal favors. Daily we pray for the religious who serve us. We include also the petitions listed on the *Religious Bulletin* and other requests that come through various channels—surprisingly numerous, for many religious particularly have great confidence in the prayers of these students.

As mentioned before, we explain the Heroic Act of Charity (see *Ecclesiastical Review*, December, 1927), and especially throughout November we urge the cause of the Poor Souls. (One student acquired the habit of offering the Act of Reparation for Blasphemy daily for the Souls in Purgatory; another added to the prayers after Mass "May the souls of the Faithful Departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace"). St. Andrew's *Missal* and most of the prayer books include the "En ego" (p. 92), which we had in addition printed on little cards, with note of the plenary indulgence for the Poor Souls and its conditions attached.

In the fourth place, our sorrow for sin can be increased after Holy Communion by making acts of contrition and at the same time asking our Lord to increase our sorrow until it equals that of the greatest saints. It is in this way, also, that we may grow in comprehension of God's love for sinners.

In the daily paper we often read headlines such as: Mother Pleads for Life of her Son. We are not surprised, for we expect the mother to be faithful no matter how disgraceful the conduct of her children may be. Why her heart is so richly endowed with fidelity and forgiveness we cannot say, except that God has made it so.

Do you think God could possibly give to a human creature an attribute which He himself did not possess? This would be quite unreasonable to believe; for God is God, the Author, Creator, and Master of the entire universe. He is a perfect God;

hence He possesses the highest degree of every virtue.

If He has ordained that a mother's love would be necessary to the human heart in time of trial or sorrow, what must be the depth of His love for the suffering, sinful soul? He has left us many lessons of His mercy in the gospel stories, and they are good examples of His tender love for the weak. Mary Magdalene's conversion should give great strength and courage to the sinner; no human being could have offended God more than she. Her actions of themselves merited only God's anger; but when she came to Him in Simon's house, He was kind to her, for He knew that she was sorry for her deeds and that her heart was filled with love for Him. The very love which had been the cause for her downfall, now merited from His merciful heart entire forgiveness. "Because she has loved much, much is forgiven her" were the words He addressed to those who questioned her presence with Him.

If we have lost God's friendship, let us go to the foot of the cross and look at Jesus hanging there. During those long hours of agony those kind eyes of the Master plead and beg us to tell Him we are sorry for having offended Him. He will supply sufficient grace for us to be strong against temptation, if we will but tell Him we wish to try to love Him. In the gospel, He tells us that He will leave the ninety and nine and seek the one who is lost; therefore nothing gives Him greater joy or consolation than the coming of a sinner to His throne of mercy for forgiveness.

A foreign youth records an imaginative experience of seeing his soul. Its appropriateness at this point is patent.

Once my room was full of light and swept; all was in order and everything helped to rest the eyes. I was alone, and two tick-tacks seemed to race; I sought for a cozy place. After a while my thoughts vanished and wavy lines carried my mind into dreaming places. Suddenly I awakened in my dream and with the clearness and rapidity of vision in all quiet dream, I saw myself, sitting in the same place, feeling

cozy and hearing the rocky and staccato tick-tacks. Maybe it was my soul that was seeing my body. Perhaps I beheld my soul.

That thing I saw had my face; it had an expression of fear, and an expression of loathing on its lips. For a long time its eyes of nothing looked at me with a persistent and reproaching gaze. Its lips spoke to me with a terrible sarcasm. When I heard it I remembered a sin I had committed. I got nervous, and the thing felt it and vanished at the same time that my body felt a strange sensation; I think my soul was going in. Maybe God touched me.

After I had many other dreams, I was taken in a ship on a river. All was a fantastic show. The water seemed melted silver and the trees emeralds kissing that shining mirror. I saw many bright colored birds fluttering among the trees as flashes. I felt alone among that nature and I saw the waves. The ship continued as a swan asleep. Wavy lines brought me to reality and I opened my eyes. I was in my cozy place with all in order and the tick-tacks still racing. A bluish and dying light was coming into the room. I remembered what my soul had told me, and I went to confess my sin.

I hope I will never see my soul in the mirror of eternity; it is terrible.

A consideration of giving oneself entirely to God focussed the inspiration of our first series of spiritual conferences. The first point discussed was the way of self-surrender. Everything is to be done for God; our every effort seeks conformity with God's will. We pray for this union of wills; and when it is achieved, "The soul becomes so united to God that blow after blow does not shake its peace. Body and soul have become more akin to the life which is to come; and instead of each being a drag on the other, the body is subdued to the spirit and the spirit informs the body in such wise that both live in a harmony that will rarely be disturbed" (*Victims of Love*, p. 66).

(To be continued)

### *St. Stephen's Square*

(Continued from page 74)

On the contrary he looked the happy bridegroom that he was, as he came along, saying to Theodora:

"How do you like it? What do you think of it?"

"Great! You were just brilliant to think of it, Dick! Maybe some time we could buy another lot and build another house where children can get a good start in life and everything can be made convenient, efficient, and not too expensive for the parents."

"Good! I've got an excess of happiness and energy to share. The place is a kind of thank offering for getting you at last. Hope the kids will be as happy as we used to be in the old Square."

"I love it," gently murmured Theodora. "It seems a kind of reparation for the hardness to children in some quarters. Let's step around to church and ask a blessing on it. It ought to be blessed, for it is a reparation to the One Who said: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Yes," said Richard, and then more gayly: "And I'll have to watch my step lest you and the little angels together make me think I'm in heaven already."

"No danger!" declared Theodora merrily, passing her arm through his as they went their way.

Lay as much stress on preparing for Communion as you do on making a proper thanksgiving.

### *On the Crest of a Hill*

HARRIET LYON LEONARD

There's an open space on the crest of a hill,  
Where the mosses are thick and green.  
One lies at his ease under towering trees;  
The boughs make a sun-dappled screen.

There are valleys below, and the sky is above;  
There are musical sounds in the air;  
At the crest is a place where nothing is base,  
And the far-away world is fair.

This high, secret spot that is tranquil and pure,  
To a devotee seems like a shrine;  
For here one may kneel and be given to feel  
At one with his Maker divine.

There are organ-like notes in the breezes that blow,  
And a fragrance that blossoms distill.  
At dawn is bird song; and, when shadows grow long,  
God walks on the crest of a hill.

## Notes of Interest

—The ancient Abbey of Faremoutiers, founded thirteen centuries ago in the diocese of Meaux, France, but unoccupied since the French Revolution, now resounds again with the Divine Praises. A colony of Benedictine Nuns from Seine-et-Marne have taken possession of the renowned abbey of the past, which was founded in the eighth century by St. Fara. Two of the earliest abbesses of that abbey were English women, St. Ethelburga and St. Eardthogate.

—Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., of Collegeville, Minn., recently went to Los Angeles to consider the possible establishment of a monastery in Southern California. The Benedictines have two parishes in Los Angeles.

—Among those who celebrated the silver jubilee of ordination this spring was Father Cyril Bayer, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan. Father Cyril, who is pastor at Purcell in the same state, holds a record as promoter of vocations. Five priests of St. Benedict's Abbey attained their goal through the encouragement of their former pastor. Twenty-five Benedictine Sisters at Mt. St. Scholastica Convent represent also the fruits of his pastorate of twenty-five years.

—According to press reports the well-known Archabbey of Beuron in Germany will establish a monastery in Japan near Tokyo. The Holy Father himself requested the Archabbot of Beuron to make this foundation in the Orient. These Beuronese monks are not going to the Far East to become missionaries in the usually accepted sense of the word, but to devote themselves to the cultivation of monastic and liturgical life there, and thus establish among the Japanese another Beuron. It was by the founding of monasteries among the pagans in centuries past that Europe was finally won to Christianity.

—The Rev. Dominic Waedenschwyler, O. S. B., a well-known musician of Mt. Angel, Ore., passed to his reward on April 4th. The deceased was a native of Switzerland, where he was born Feb. 1, 1863. Having attended the Benedictine college at Engelberg in his native land, he also entered the monastery there, consecrating himself to God by the vows of religion on October 10, 1884. A little less than three years later, July 10, 1887, he was ordained to the priesthood. At once he set out for Mt. Angel, Oregon, where the Benedictines of Engelberg had opened a college that year. The deceased spent twenty-three years as instructor in college and seminary. From 1910 to 1929, however, Father Dominic was pastor at Mt. Angel. R. I. P.

—Benedictines of the French Province of the Cassinese Congregation of the Primitive Observance have been conducting the Syrian Seminary on the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem since September, 1903. In October, 1930, the senior seminary, together with its Benedictine faculty, was removed from Jerusalem to Sharfeh in the Lebanon. In both the junior and the senior seminaries the students are given a thorough knowledge of the

Syrian rite and they daily attend the liturgical offices which are celebrated by Syrian priests. When the Syrian Patriarch confided the seminary at Sharfeh to the monks, he expressed the desire that the monastic order be reestablished among the Syrians. In accordance with this desire a novitiate of the Syrian rite will be opened on the Mount of Olives within a year or two. Several of the seminarians wish to embrace the religious life. The Fathers who are connected with the seminary may use the Syrian rite as long as they are engaged in this work, but if they return to Europe, they must resume the Latin rite. This year there is an attendance of twenty-three in the senior seminary at Sharfeh and about fifty at Jerusalem. The Latin patriarchal seminary on Mount Sion at Jerusalem is conducted by the German Benedictines of the Dormition Abbey there. Father Lambert Nolle, O. S. B., a frequent contributor to THE GRAIL, is on the faculty this year teaching Latin and English.

—On April 24th, eleven days after the solemn abbatial blessing and installation of Abbot Cuthbert Goeb at Richardton, N. D., His Excellency, Most Rev. Vincent Wehrle, O. S. B., celebrated among his brethren at Assumption Abbey the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. As Bishop Wehrle had established the Benedictine community at Richardton, and had been the first abbot there until after his episcopal consecration on May 19, 1910, he wished to celebrate the joyful event among his brethren. Bishop Wehrle was ordained at Einsiedeln, Switzerland, on April 23, 1882. The same year he departed for the mission field in the United States. After spending several years in Indiana and neighboring states, he went to North Dakota, which was then a frontier state. The diocesan celebration took place on May 19.

—In 1926, the year of the Eucharistic Congress, Bishop Tacconi, of Kaifeng, East Honan, China, spent some time in the United States seeking missionaries and other help for his vicariate apostolic. He secured the services of the Sisters of Providence of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, who now have a flourishing school at Kaifeng. In the same city the Pei Wen Catholic Academy for boys and young men had been functioning since 1921 under the care of secular priests from the United States. These priests, desiring to become Benedictines, the zealous Bishop endeavored to procure a community of American Benedictines to take charge of the Academy. One Benedictine went to China to look over the situation, but he returned again to America without having accomplished anything. In 1927 the Academy had to discontinue because of civil war. In September of this year (1932) the Rev. Charles Rauth, O. S. B., one of the former staff at Kaifeng, who in the meantime with several others had passed their novitiate in the priory which is connected with the Catholic University of Peking, will reopen the Academy at Kaifeng as director. This will be the first Catholic school to affiliate with the University. In the reopening of this school the good Bishop will see the fulfillment of his desire.

(Continued on page 83)



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# KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

## RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

*Please tell me if Saint Hyacinth, whose feast occurs in August, is a masculine or feminine Saint. Also tell us something about Saint Ignatius Loyola.*—Evansville, Ind.

Saint Hyacinth is a masculine Saint, although the name is not uncommonly given also to women. Concerning him and Saint Ignatius Loyola you will find plenty of information in any copy of the Lives of the Saints or in the Catholic Encyclopedia.

*If a person has the priest after he becomes unconscious, but comes to as the priest enters the room again, will his confession be alright? I tried to get the priest for my dying boy as soon as possible, but am worried since his death.*—La Crosse, Wis.

You need have no further worry. Priests make it a practice to help a dying person with the last confession with much more care than in ordinary cases. You did the best you could under the circumstances and therefore all is well. Pray for your son and leave the rest to God.

*My aunt asked me to write you and inquire if her name Trinette is the name of a Saint?*—Kansas City, Mo.

Trinette is the French diminutive form of the name Catherine, and there are indeed many Saints Catherine.

*Is there any truth to the statement that there is a radio station in New York City which has for its purpose to spread propaganda against the Catholic Church? I would be surprised to hear such a station could exist in a city so strongly Catholic.*—Grand Rapids, Mich.

Yes, there is such a station in New York City, but its existence need not worry you in the least. Your editor, whilst conducting missions and retreats in the vicinity of New York City all last year frequently had occasion to hear the broadcasts from that station. They consisted principally of rehashing old arguments against Catholics and the reading of so-called historical "facts" which have long since been discredited by all reputable historians, non-Catholic as well as Catholic. The station does no particular harm, since the programs, as a rule, are heard only by a few ignorant and misguided people or fallen-away Catholics. The station may be off the air at this writing, for in February this year the owner of the station himself announced that the future of his work on the air was very much in doubt.

*What is the Trisagion? I saw that word in my Missal and cannot find its meaning in the dictionary?*—St. Louis, Mo.

The editor of this column is delighted to hear that you see the Missal. The word Trisagion means "the thrice-holy hymn" and refers to the hymn sung in both

the Latin and Greek tongues at the adoration of the Holy Cross on Good Friday, at the ceremonies preceding the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified.

*Do tailors have a Patron Saint?*—Chicago, Ill.

On November 13th occurs the feast of Saint Homobonus, who for centuries has been honored as the Patron Saint of tailors.

*May I ask what the letters C. J. M. after a priest's name signify?*—Detroit, Mich.

They stand for the words, "Congregation of Jesus and Mary," and mark a priest as a member of the Eudist Fathers.

*What does the word "conclave" mean? By what majority is a Pope elected?*—Buffalo, N. Y.

The word "conclave" is derived from the two Latin words "cum clavi," meaning "with a key," because during the time of electing a Pope the Cardinals are locked in until the election is over. A two-thirds majority is required to elect a Pope.

*Why is it that on some crucifixes we find a skull and some bones at the foot?*—Lawrence, Mass.

The presence of a skull and cross bones at the foot of a crucifix bears a twofold explanation. One is that Adam's body was buried on Mount Calvary and that the death of Christ there wiped out the effect of Adam's sin. Another, and perhaps the more logical, explanation is this: the word Golgotha, the place of the crucifixion, means skull, because Mount Calvary is said to be shaped like a skull.

*Are the names Edgar, Edmund, Edward, and Edwin all the same name in variant forms, or do they have different meanings?*—Indianapolis, Ind.

There are Saints with all the names you have asked for and whilst all of the names are from the same original stem, each has a different meaning. They are Anglo Saxon names and their meaning follows: Edgar, Protector of property; Edmund, Defender of property; Edward, Guardian of property, and Edwin, Gainer of property.

*Where was Pope Pius XI born?*—Leavenworth, Kans.

Pope Pius XI was born in the little Lombard town of Desio in northern Italy on May 31, 1857.

*Years ago I heard a short poem in a sermon which began: "Mary the dawn, but Christ the perfect day." Do you know where I could find a copy of the whole poem?*—Cincinnati, Ohio.

Your editor is very happy to supply you with the complete poem, which follows:

"Mary the Dawn, but Christ the perfect Day;  
Mary the Gate, but Christ the heavenly Way;  
Mary the Root, but Christ the mystic Vine;  
Mary the Grape, but Christ the sacred Wine;  
Mary the Temple, Christ the Temple's Lord;  
Mary the Shrine, but Christ its God adored."

The author of this beautiful little tribute to Jesus and Mary is unknown.

*What are the distinct powers of the Pope of Rome?*—Springfield, Ill.

The Holy Father may make laws for the whole Church or for a part of it. Secondly, he can inflict censures, such as excommunication, on any one. He can reserve to himself the power of absolving from sins. Then he alone can make, suppress, and divide dioceses and approve new religious orders. And, finally, he can dispense from any vow.





# Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight *via* Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight *via* Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight *via* Ravinia, S. D.

## JUNE AND VACATION

And so it rolls round once again, that time to which all school children look forward—the time when studies are over, and the little ones may be happy and carefree during the pleasant summer days. So also the Indian children; though they say good-bye with genuine regret to their beloved teachers, yet, nothing is so enticing to the Indian as a free, untrammelled life, unmarked by clocks and bells and the relentless call of daily routine. The Fathers and Sisters, too, will miss their happy laughter and lively shouts, and the patter of many feet down the halls and up the stairs and out in the school yard. These good nuns feel exactly like any mother when a child leaves to be gone a long time; though they are glad to get a much-needed rest from endless duties, yet the empty classrooms look mournful and sad, filled with the ghosts of the lively little ones who so lately occupied the seats. Next September they will be shading their eyes and looking down the road, anxious to glimpse the first arrivals, to welcome them back, to remove the snarls in the hair, the ragged clothing which has often been unchanged and has been worn into ribbons, to wash grimy little faces and grubby little hands, and array the little guests in new clothing, shoes and stockings, so that they might look neat and presentable.

With deepest love in their hearts, these good nuns do their work year after year, satisfying a deep need down in their own hearts—a need inspired by the Bridegroom of Souls, who first whispered to them to become missionaries, and enkindled this compassionate love within their breasts. For these are all volunteers; no Order sends anyone to the mission fields against their will. Indeed, whenever there is a call for volunteers, there are always four or five times as many offering themselves as are needed, which shows that our Lord is still with His Church, ever calling new disciples and Apostles to His side, to do His work, “to go forth, teaching all nations.” But the reason only a few are chosen is, that the others are so sorely needed in the city schools; only a few can be spared for mission work. Therefore, let us pray that the Lord of the harvest may send many more workers,

so that more can be spared to the mission fields.

## SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

It is now fifty-seven years since the good Gray Nuns, Sisters of Charity of Montreal, took charge of Seven Dolours Mission. At first they were allowed to teach in what was the Government School at Fort Totten, N. Dak., and they continued to teach in it, until a law was passed that no religious teachers wearing uniforms were to be allowed to teach a Government School. Father Ambrose and the good nuns were wondering how they could build a school of their own, where there would be no such restriction, when the disastrous fire occurred, and then there was no question about it. A new school had to be built, and almost out of nothing, so to say, it arose a year or so later, sustained by the small gifts of many friends found by the Little Flower, after whom the school is now named.

The archives of the Gray Nuns contain some interesting notes written down in that first year, long ago, when the Mission was first started:

“April 3, 1875.—It is Easter Sunday; the chapel is prettily decorated. The Regina Coeli was sung by joyful hearts, for two children, the first fruits of our Mission, confided to our care that we might prepare them for their First Holy Communion, approached the Holy Table. Dressed in white, the expression of recollection and joy on their faces made them appear as angels.

“This is the hunting season. Our school numbers thirty pupils, but four of our larger boys have been taken home by their parents for three or four weeks, presumably to help in the hunt. It was useless for the Agent or the Sisters to refuse their request; they insisted.

“The school building is at present surrounded by material left by the workmen at the opening of winter.



INDIAN COMMUNITY HOUSE, ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH  
“LITTLE FLOWER” SCHOOL TO THE RIGHT

If our boys would lend a helping hand to remove boards, mortar, rocks, etc., soon the debris could be cleared away. But the Indians would not understand; they would be insulted if we asked them. During the winter, we were obliged to hire a man to do chores around the Mission; he had to bring in every piece of firewood that was burnt, even in the boys' playroom. (How different it is now, when the boys and girls willingly help in all the work about the place, and the older Indians are glad to lend a helping hand if asked. The primitive Indian was very proud; his women did all his work. It was an insult to ask a male Indian to do menial work.)

"Four of our poor people have been ill, and as we have no infirmary for the Indians, we brought them to the school and cared for them here. One woman expressed the desire to come to the Mission to die; she was accompanied by her little son, five years of age. At the close of a week, she told Sister Superior, through an interpreter, that she loved the Sisters and had been well cared for. However, she was used to lying on the floor, and preferred that to a bed, and, moreover, she thought she would rather die in her own little cabin. Her little boy would give her a drink when she wanted it, and bring in branches for the fire when it was cold. She had expressed a wish to be baptized, however, and the Sisters persuaded her to remain until Father, who had been gone, returned. She was asked to return to her room for baptism, but she refused, and Father was obliged to administer the sacrament at the door. Very happy now, she returned home with her little boy; in a few weeks, she died. Before she died, she bequeathed the boy to the Sisters.

"A man, far advanced in tuberculosis, came to us also, accompanied by his two boys of school age. Each day he would encourage the boys not to be lonesome, and to obey the Sisters. After a period of five or six weeks, he died, the first to die at the school.

One day during the summer months, when the greater part of the children had returned home, the Sisters received a visit from two ladies, wives of employees at the Fort, who told of four Indians from another reservation, who were going about, intruding upon white people. In one home, where they called, the family politely invited them to partake of some soup; the braves ate, but not liking the taste, arose and upset the soup dish, making threatening signs. The ladies from the Fort advised the Sisters to keep all their doors well locked and refuse entrance to the strangers. However, the Sisters were not much alarmed, slept in peace that night, and received no visit from the four."

#### ST. PAUL'S MISSION

On Jan. 15 Father Sylvester once again brought out the little periodical called "Eyanpaha," a paper printed in Sioux and English, for the Indian people to read. It is issued twice a month, and was first published years ago by the late Father Jerome at Fort Totten. This venerable missionary was an authority on the Sioux language, and translated school works and a dictionary into that language for the use of the In-

dians. Father Jerome died in 1923, and the paper was suspended. At the different Indian Congresses held since then, the Indians often expressed their desire to again see this valuable little paper in print—a paper all their own, in their own language. But always some obstacle stood in the way, until now, at last, Father Sylvester has decided to print it on his own press, so that the Indians might have some sort of religious paper to read. May God bless the enterprise and bring it great success!

While we in other parts of the country were having a mild winter, Marty had several pretty cold snaps and blizzards. These northwestern blizzards mean business when they start, and the finely powdered snow finds its way into every crevice of the building, leaving little snow drifts here and there inside the house. Stoves, furnaces, and boilers were working overtime, and taking a big bite out of the mission coal pile. The coal item is always a big one. The Missouri River, too, was frozen over hard, and wagons and trucks were able to cross on the ice. One man even drove his tractor across. Because of the lack of feed, a great many hogs had to be butchered; the grasshoppers ate up everything last summer, and farmers in the neighborhood of the Mission saw their cattle and horses lying dead in the prairie, victims of starvation, exhaustion, and cold. Even straw piles that formerly used to be burned after threshing was over, brought as high as \$100. Milk produced by the mission herd has fallen off more than half because of food shortage. Let us help with our mites, so that our missionaries can continue to carry on, and at least keep up the school.

#### IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Father Pius continues to improve, though not very rapidly. Without a doubt it is the prayers of the grateful little Indian children, and of his many friends everywhere, that are pulling him through.

The winter having been very hard, the mission supply of clothing has been depleted, and now, while spring house cleaning is going on, will be a good time to lay aside all clothing that the family no longer cares for, bundle it up, and ship without delay to Immaculate Conception. Father Justin also asks that anyone having any furniture he wishes to discard, to kindly ship it out to him for the new building, which is being built under a heavy debt, and no money to spare for furniture. Especially beds will be needed; they will cost \$900, and so far, Father has been able to purchase only a few. They cost about \$12 each. Anyone wishing to donate that amount will provide, in honor of Him who had *nowhere* to lay His head, a place for a tired little head to rest. Also any bedding that can be spared—feather beds and bags of feathers, yard ticking, blankets, sheets and pillow slips. Prices are low on these commodities now. Why not purchase a little something every month and send it out? In this way the money given out will never be noticed, and our Lord will return it tenfold!

(Continued on page 84)



### JUST FOR TO-DAY

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Keep me, my Lord, from stain of sin,  
Just for to-day.  
Let me both diligently work  
And duly pray;  
Let me be kind in word and deed,  
Just for to-day.  
Let me be slow to do my will,  
Prompt to obey;  
Help me to mortify my flesh  
Just for to-day.  
Let me no wrong or idle word  
Unthinking say;  
Set Thou a seal upon my lips  
Just for to-day.  
Let me in season, Lord, be grave,  
In season gay;  
Let me be faithful to Thy grace  
Just for to-day.  
And, if to-day my earthly life  
Should ebb away,  
Give me Thy Sacraments divine,  
Sweet Lord, to-day.  
In Purgatory's cleansing fires  
Brief be my stay.  
Oh, bid me, if to-day, I die,  
Go home to-day.  
So, for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,  
Just for to-day.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—I had been wondering just what sort of a message I might broadcast this lovely June morning and then as I turned the pages of THE GRAIL calendar to see what was in store for us all in a spiritual sense for this month of roses, my attention was arrested by the prettiest picture for children that I have seen.

Those of you who are so fortunate as to have this beautiful picture in your homes, may see "My Angel" every day, but for those who are less fortunate, I wish to tell you how very charming it is. A little child with golden hair, lies fast asleep with head on arm on a snowy pillow, while hovering near is the guardian

angel with outspread wings and outstretched arms guarding the sleeping child. And there comes to my mind as I look, song beginning, "Dear angel ever at my side how loving must thou be, to leave thy home in heaven to guide a little child like me."

Then, too, I recall the prayer that every Catholic child should know and recite daily,

"Angel of God, my guardian dear,  
To whom His love commits me here,  
Ever this day be at my side,  
To light and guard, to rule and guide."

The month of June is rich in feast days: June 3, Sacred Heart of Jesus; June 13, St. Anthony of Padua; June 21, St. Aloysius Gonzaga; June 24, St. John the Baptist; June 27, Our Lady of Perpetual Help; June 29, Sts. Peter and Paul.

### SPIRITUAL CRUMBS

If thou art willing to suffer no contradiction, how wilt thou be the friend of Christ?

Suffer with Christ and for Christ, if thou desire to reign with Christ.

Christ was willing to suffer and be despised, and darest thou complain of anything?

### MARIA FILIPETTO OF PADUA

Adapted from the Italian by FR. PATRICK, O. S. B.

(Concluded)

During all this time of suffering a great peace filled the soul of Maria. She had no studies, nothing now to take away her mind from the loving consideration of her Divine Savior. She continued to add little mortifications to her sufferings out of love for Jesus. She used, for example, to hold bitter medicine in her mouth instead of swallowing it immediately, in order to suffer a little from the unpleasant taste.

Once more Maria seemed on the road to recovery. She returned home to see Piero, who was about to depart for Rome to begin his studies. Maria, however, showed that she was by no means free from her sickness. After Piero's departure she was again confined to bed. On Oct. 25 the surgeon's knife was to be used again on the poor patient. She went through all as on





MARIA FILIPPETTO

a previous occasion and in writing of it later she mentioned that Jesus sent her not only crosses but also much consolation. "I ought to be, and I will become, an apostle," she repeated over and over, and through her prayer and suffering we can certainly call her a little apostle.

While recovering from this second operation, Maria was accustomed to take a ride on the tram car every day. One day, after having heard an appeal for funds for the missions, she wished to walk instead of riding, and to give the money of the tram fare to the missions. At the end of the year she wrote in her diary, "Another year has passed, filled with the thorns which Jesus has willed to intertwine with the roses. More roses than thorns we can say, because one rose alone suffices to compensate for all our pains."

Another month passed and then—another double operation, again without an anesthetic. Before the doctor had begun his painful work, her anguishing father said to her: "Keep your thoughts on high, Maria."

"Yes, yes, papa, go and do not fear," she answered, showing him her crucifix.

The doctor hesitated at first, doubting if Maria were strong enough to bear such an operation—but she passed through the trying ordeal calmly. The doctors were amazed. They could not explain the strength of the little girl. Her face (as may be seen from the photo taken towards the end of her life) retained a healthy appearance, although her body was nearly a skeleton.

On Feb. 11, the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, Maria made a vow of virginity. In her diary she wrote, "O Mary, teach me to walk along the straight way; make me pure and good like yourself! Holy Virgin, shelter me beneath your mantle and make me love you more and more."

Good Friday came, the day on which she had come into this world, and it brought with it a chalice of sorrow. Maria suffered intensely, her mind was not clear; it seemed that she had finally come to the end of this

earthly life. And indeed it was the last Good Friday (April 15, 1927) she was to pass here below. Easter found her somewhat better. She had, however, no more interest for things of this world. Now her only care was for the life to come. She held her crucifix always in her hand.

"To-day I am a missionary," she would say to her mother; so saying she meant that she had dedicated that day to the far-off missions for which she had great zeal.

Only to her mother did she refer concerning her approaching death. "When I shall be in Paradise, I shall always stand close to my heavenly Mamma; but I shall also look down. I shall look at you." At another time she said: "In heaven I shall always pray to Jesus for you. Oh, I shall steal from the Divine Heart so many graces; there it will not be stealing because there are no commandments in Heaven. Death does not make me afraid; it is the beginning of life. Here—I feel Jesus—I love Him, but I do not see Him. In Heaven I shall feel Him, see Him, love Him, and stand close to Him."

To a question of Fr. Rosi, who attended her, she replied: "Oh no, Father, death has no fears for me. It is Jesus who will come to take me, who opens His arms for me. How can I be afraid of Jesus?"

Maria was now very close to her end. Asked if she wished to receive Holy Viaticum, she replied: "Yes, yes, Father, bring Him to me, and give me all, all that you can." The Father went to bring the Blessed Sacrament. Maria rose up in her bed and said: "How beautiful! I am pleased, so pleased! And you, Mamma, are you pleased? We are all contented. And have we not reason to be contented? But if you would all be contented do what I tell you. I am pleased to have done what I could to please Jesus. But all, all ought to do all they can—all—the world.—Oh, if all the world would do what they could, how they would content Jesus. All—the angels—all—" and she fell back exhausted. She did not lose consciousness, however, and was able to receive the Holy Viaticum.

Two hours longer Maria lingered on and then, a few minutes after nine o'clock, her pure soul passed to her Creator. Great was the sorrow in Maria's home, but also was the consolation, because they knew that Maria had lived for Jesus. Relatives and friends streamed to see the corpse of the little heroine. They touched her with rosaries, holy pictures, and medals, showing the reverence which they had for her.—June 3, 1927, was the day of her holy death.

The Holy Father, in a reference to the life of Maria said: "The lives of these holy children will do so much good." And the many letters received by the parents reecho these words.

A new school of Milan has been dedicated to Maria and a missionary burse has been founded in her name as a tribute to her zeal for the missions.

Many letters have been received telling of favors received through the intercession of Maria. The acknowledgement of such favors will be appreciated by Rev. G. Rosi, S. J., Antonianum, Padova, Italy.

## LETTER BOX

The LETTER BOX stands by the side of the road neglected by the postman day after day. It stands there a grim sentinel, blown by all the winds that pass, wet by the rain, warmed by the sun, refreshed by the dew, but with its heart literally eaten out by loneliness, for none of the readers have dropped it a line in months.

Now that school is out, exams a thing of the past, and the bright happy summer ahead, won't you drop just a line to tell us where you are and what you are doing, and why you haven't written before. As a special inducement we shall mail two buttons, one of each kind, to all who send us a letter of 500 words during vacation.

Please do write.

AUNT AGNES.

## GUY DE FONTGALLAND

Here is the picture of a saintly little French boy, Guy de Fontgalland, who died on January 24, 1925, only seven years ago, at the age of eleven years, one month, and twenty-four days. In THE GRAIL for August of last summer (1931), under the heading, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," we gave our readers a brief sketch of the life of this brave little lad, who at so tender an age was found ripe for heaven.

If the answering of prayer is an indication that a soul is enjoying the delights of heaven, then we have every reason to believe that this lamb of Christ's flock is before the throne of God in heaven. Very many claim that they have received the favors that they had asked through him, especially vocations to the higher life. By so many he is looked upon as a saint that thousands of petitions have been handed in to ask that the cause of his beatification be taken up.

If the prayers of any of our readers to this saintly youth are heard, we should be pleased to have them inform us.

Mother—"Why did you strike your little sisters?"

Young Bobby—"Well, we were playing Adam and Eve, and instead of tempting me with the apple, she ate it herself."

"May I tell you why it seems to me a good thing for us to remember a wrong done us? That we may forgive it."—Dickens.

Kind Gentleman (to little boy eating an apple)—"Look out for the worms, sonny."

Little Boy—"When I eat an apple the worms have to look out for themselves."

## Notes of Interest

(Continued from page 77)

—Father Gregory Gerrer, O. S. B., of St. Gregory's Abbey, at Shawnee, Oklahoma, a portrait painter of note, has with six others been added to Oklahoma's Hall of Fame, because "he is the foremost Oklahoman in the field of art." Since the opening of the summer



GUY DE FONTGALLAND

school at the University of Notre Dame in 1918, he has taught art at the summer school. He has also done some valuable work in the restoration of paintings in the art gallery at the University. Some of our readers may recall that the saintly Pius X once sat for him.

—Three American Benedictines have quite recently won distinctions with fellowships attached. Dom Anselm Strittmatter, O. S. B., of St. Anselm's Priory near the Catholic University was awarded one of the fellowships of the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation "to conduct original research and creative work under the freest possible conditions." To achieve this end Dom Anselm will go to the Vatican Library. The second distinguished scholar is Dom Basil Kolar, O. S. B., professor of Greek in St. Procopius Abbey School at Lisle, Illinois. During the past year Dom Basil has been pursuing higher studies in the Catholic University at Washington. As the result of a three-day competitive examination, which covered the entire field of Greek classical scholarship, he was awarded a fellowship at the American school of classical studies at Athens, Greece. Only one fellowship is awarded annually to the whole United States and that only to select students of the leading universities. The award carries with it free tuition and residence for one year and a stipend of \$1400.00. The third to be similarly honored is Dom Colman Farrell, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, who was awarded a fellowship of \$1000.00 by the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Father Colman, who was the first priest to obtain a Master's degree in Library Science, has been teaching at the summer session of the Catholic University the past two summers. At the same time he worked with Charles Martel and J. C. M. Hanson, the two leading American authorities of library science.

This summer he will teach the courses of Cataloging and Classification at the Catholic University. The coming year he will spend under the direction of the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago classifying and cataloging books in the field of religion. This classification and cataloging of religious books will be adopted by the Library of Congress and the American Librarians Association. This will make accessible much worthwhile religious literature, which now, without classification, is practically useless.

—The Rt. Rev. Alfred Koch, O. S. B., Archabbot of St. Vincent's Archabbey in Pennsylvania, has gone to Peking, China, to hold the monastic visitation at the Benedictine foundation in that city. Despite the fact that the Catholic University of Peking is also hampered by the prevailing depression, it is making splendid progress.

—The feast of the Solemnity of St. Joseph, April 13, was chosen for the solemn abbatial blessing and installation of the Rt. Rev. Cuthbert Goeb, O. S. B., as Abbot of Assumption Abbey at Richardton, N. D. Besides a numerous gathering of prelates and priests, many prominent state officials, and a great throng of the faithful attended the solemnities. Bishop Vincent Wehrle, O. S. B., pioneer missionary in the Northwest and founder of the Richardton Abbey, weakened by a recent illness, was unable to preside at the function. With Bishop Wehrle present in the sanctuary, Bishop William Busch, of St. Cloud, Minn., performed the office of blessing and installing the new abbot. During the Pontifical High Mass, during which the blessing took place, Abbots Alcuin Deutsch, of St. John's, and Philip Ruggle, of Conception, were assistants to the new abbot. An eloquent sermon, suitable to the occasion, was preached by Abbot Alcuin. First he read a cablegram from the Abbot Primate at Rome, the Rt. Rev. Fidelis de Stotzingen, O. S. B., conveying the special blessing of the Holy Father and his own good wishes. May success attend the efforts of Abbot Cuthbert and his community! *Ad multos annos!*

### Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 80)

#### DONORS OF TIN FOIL, ROSARIES, ETC.

M. K. Jones, N. Y. C.; Miss Pauline Zuebel, Marysville, O.; A. M. Siemon, Philadelphia; Mrs. J. C. Vielbig, Brooklyn; Anna O. Kelley, W. Philadelphia; Mrs. Laura B. Schultz, New Orleans; Margaret S. Schaller, Sherrill, N. Y.; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis; Villa Loretto, Peekskill, N. Y.; Mrs. M. F. Francis, Nutting, N. J.; Mrs. Fred D. Harris, Kirkwood, Mo.; E. Sennon, Brooklyn; E. Luby, Providence, R. I.; C. T. Murray, Scarsdale, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine King, N. Y. City.

#### BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Help the mission Indian women to earn an honest living; buy beadwork and embroidery from us and

assist the most worthy charity on earth. Why give it to the stores? Our prices are more than reasonable. *Beadwork:* Handbags, beaded, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00. Pin-cushions, 75¢. Woven bead necklaces, \$1.00. War club, beaded handle, stone head, \$2.00. Adult moccasins, \$3.00. (Give length of foot in inches.) Children's \$1.50. Babies' 75¢; dolls' 25¢. Silk quilt top, \$5.00. Small bead purse, 50¢. Tiny bead purses attached to neck beads (for the kiddies), 50¢. Rose bead necklace mixed with other beads, 35¢. Bead-flower clusters, 35¢ and 50¢. Handpainted neck beads, in red or white, 35¢. Mourning beads, 50¢. Bead bracelet, 35¢. *Embroidery:* Embroidered tea aprons 75¢. Emb. bolster sham \$1.50. Buffet sets, 1 large doily, 2 small, \$1.00. Large round centerpiece 75¢. Round luncheon cloth \$2.00. Buffet scarfs, \$1.25 each. 2 baby carriage quilts \$1.50. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### Abbey and Seminary

—The Rev. Joseph Morrison, College '11-'12, who for the past four years has been administrator of Holy Name Cathedral at Chicago, has now been officially appointed rector of the Cathedral by His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein. Much has been accomplished at the Cathedral both in temporal and spiritual matters by the zealous pastor during his administration. An innovation introduced by Father Morrison, says *The New World*, is continuous confessions at the Cathedral.

—The St. Meinrad Seminary Alumni Association met at Louisville, Ky., April 26th. A Solemn High Mass of Requiem for the deceased alumni was celebrated in the Cathedral by the retiring president of the association, the Rev. John G. Bennett, of Garrett, Ind. Dinner was served at noon in the K. of C. clubhouse. About fifty-five alumni were present. The following officers were chosen: President, the Rev. John Dapp, pastor of St. Jude Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Vice President, the Rev. Joseph P. Morrison, pastor of Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago; Treasurer, the Rev. James J. Maloney, Springfield, Ky.; Secretary, the Rev. Victor L. Goossens, Holy Cross Church, Indianapolis. Executive Committee: The Rev. William Jochum, St. Mary's Church, New Albany; the Rev. George Hasser, St. Mary's Church, Fort Wayne; the Rev. Joseph Honnigford, West Baden, Ind.

—As the examinations for this year's class of *ordinandi* was near at hand, and the ordinations were not far off, the seminarians of the Major Seminary held their annual picnic on April 27 instead of in the month of May. The day previous was stormy, chilly, and threatening, but the picnic day dawned clear and bright, yet it was cool enough to make physical exercise agreeable. Dinner was served on the spacious veranda of the seminary "gym." In the afternoon a small group of seminarians put on a burlesque "operetta"—Shakespeare's *Macbeth*—for the entertainment of the picnickers.

—This year Sunday-afternoon pilgrimages to Our Lady of Monte Cassino were organized for the month



of May. Each Sunday of the month at 2 p. m. large crowds assembled at the chapel on the mount for the exercises, which consisted of a hymn in honor of Our Blessed Lady; the rosary, which was recited in procession over the grounds; a short sermon in the chapel. The devotions closed with another hymn and the blessing. The pilgrimage has proved very popular. The attendance increased with each Sunday; on the fifth Sunday it was approximately 1200. The pilgrimages will be resumed in October.

—The third and fourth Latin classes each produced and put on the stage an original mission play. Both the work of composition and the performance thereof are said to have reflected no little credit on the classes concerned.

—The "circus" with its "trained animals," the parade, and the clowns with their ludicrous antics—a part of the mission-day program—provoked the risibilities of the *hoi polloi*. The "soicus" was a success.

—Fr. Gilbert Hess, O. S. B., one of our deacons, was called home to St. Thomas, Ind., on April 26 by the death of his father, who passed away during the previous night without warning. When he went to bed, Mr. Hess was apparently in the best of health. Had he lived a month longer, he could have attended the ordination and the first Mass of his son. To these events he had looked forward.—Another sudden death was that of the father of Father James Reed, O. S. B., of our community. Mr. Reed lived in Oklahoma. Father James is stationed at St. Benedict's Church, Evansville. R. I. P.

—The Rogation Days fell on May 2, 3, and 4. As the funeral of Bro. John occurred on the 2nd, the community could not go to Monte Cassino as is customary on Monday of Rogation Week.

—Father Clement Klingel, O. S. B., for over thirty years pastor at St. Anthony, Ind., has been a patient at St. Anthony Hospital, Louisville, for some weeks, where he is receiving treatment for cancer in the left nostril. Whether the doctors can give him more than temporary relief is doubtful. The affliction causes him intense pain at times. We commend him to the prayers of our readers.

—May 15 was the great feast of Pentecost. Father Abbot Coadjutor celebrated Pontifical High Mass. Father Lambert preached the festive sermon.—Towards evening His Excellency the Most Rev. Bishop Joseph Chartrand, D. D., arrived to confer holy orders.

—Pentecost, with the two days that follow the feast, always means so much for us at St. Meinrad because of the ordinations that take place during these days. At 7:30 p. m. on Pentecost His Excellency administered confirmation. Next in order was the taking of the Juramentum and the conferring of the Tonsure.

—On Pentecost Monday the four minor orders were given: a class of eighteen received the orders of Ostiary and Lector, while twenty-two were made exorcists and acolytes. In the same Mass fifteen were advanced a step higher, to the subdiaconate, the lowest of the major orders.

—At Pontifical High Mass on Tuesday morning the diaconate was conferred on fourteen subdeacons: the

Rev. Messrs. Carl Wilberding, Maurice Dugan, Maurice Egloff, Arthur Mooney, Howard Murphy, Edwin Spalding, and Lawrence Weinzapfel, all for the diocese of Indianapolis, and the seven Benedictine clerics of St. Meinrad Abbey: Maurice Patrick, Dunstan McAndrews, Alfred Baltz, Hubert Umberg, Daniel Madlon, Walter Sullivan, and Rudolph Siedling.

—The class of '32 contained fourteen seculars, of whom nine received the priesthood in the Abbey Church: the Rev. Fathers Edward Bauer, Bernard Burget, Cyril Conen, Maurice DeJean, Louis Gootee, Charles Kaiser, Edwin Sahm, Maurice Schoentrup, and John Shaughnessy, for the diocese of Indianapolis. Five others were ordained on May 21 by their respective ordinaries: the Rev. Andrew Ditlinger, Fort Wayne; the Rev. Andrew Baumgarten, Felix Johnson, and Norbert Voll, Louisville; the Rev. Philip White, Wichita. Besides these, also three clerics of the Abbey were promoted to the priesthood: Fathers Gilbert Hess, Raphael Hirsch, and Cornelius Waldo. Two other members of the community, Fr. Bernard Beck and Fr. Patrick Shaughnessy, who are studying in Rome, will be priested at Monte Cassino, Italy, the famous old abbey which St. Benedict himself founded more than fourteen centuries ago. Father John Shaughnessy, a brother of the latter, who was ordained here, will go to the Eucharistic Congress at Dublin and then continue on to Italy to be present at the ordination and First Mass of his brother.

—Fathers Eberhard and Henry celebrated the silver jubilee of their ordination on May 25. The evening previous a congratulatory program was given in the College "gym." Father Eberhard was celebrant of the conventual High Mass with Father Andrew as assistant priest, Fathers Cyril and Gabriel as deacon and subdeacon respectively, and Father Gregory as master of ceremonies. Father Henry led the chant. In the afternoon the monastic family held a brief reunion in "paradise." Father Eberhard Olinger has been teaching ever since his ordination. For quite a number of years he has been professor of moral theology, scriptures, and liturgy. Father Henry Brenner has spent twenty-five years as novice master, training the future members of the community. *Ad multos annos!*

—June 15 marks the close of the scholastic year. Four days later retreat opens for those of the community who could not be present at the February retreat.—Fathers Cyril and Jerome will attend summer school at Fordham University, N. Y. Father Ildphonse will return to Notre Dame to finish his course. Father Stephen will give a course of lectures on the liturgy at the Pius X school in New York.—A number of the Fathers are scheduled to give retreats during the summer. Father Subprior Placidus will start the ball a rolling by opening a retreat for the Benedictine Sisters at Yankton, S. D., on June 5, with another on June 12 at the same place. He will then go to Zell, S. D., to open on the 19th a third retreat to Sisters of the same community. On the return trip he will take in the Benedictine Educational Convention at Atchison, which opens on July 3.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XXII—EILEEN'S SCHEME IN ACTION

HAVING obtained the thousand dollar check from her father, Eileen was now free to plan her next move. She arose early and made an appointment with her hairdresser downtown. Then, about nine o'clock she called Ronald at his father's office.

"Hello, Ron?"

"Yes?"

"This is Eileen. How are you? I hope you're not busy? No? That's fine, because I wanted to ask a favor of you. You see, the day after tomorrow is Mother's birthday, and I was thinking of getting her something from Clarke's antique shop. She admired the enamel-ware jewel case you gave me so much that I thought of going down there and getting her something on the same order. Now, I know nothing whatsoever about these things, while you are an authority. I wondered if you would meet me downtown to-day and help me select something?"

"Well, I don't know if I can make it—" reluctantly replied Ronald, thinking of his daily luncheon with Madeline. "What time?"

"Oh, about eleven o'clock. Will that be all right? You'll do this for an old friend, won't you?"

"Well—all right. Yes, I'll be there." They arranged the meeting place, and then Eileen hung up. Everything must go like clockwork from now on. There must not be a single hitch. She hastened downtown, had her appointment with the coiffeur, and then hurried into a Western Union office. There she wrote two telegrams. To one she attached the check, and it read:

Mr. Joseph Alwin, Excelsior Hotel.

Meet girl red rose to-day twelve sharp Sixth and Ashland as agreed. Eileen Trevillian.

The other was to: Miss Madeline Edgeworth, Office, Westover Steel Corp.

Called out on business stop meet you Copper Kettle twelve o'clock stop wear these flowers. Ronald.

Having paid the man at the desk, she took the messenger with her to the florist shop a few doors away, ordered the nosegay of a red rose surrounded by violets and maidenhair fern, saw it packed and handed to the messenger. When she had finished, it lacked but five minutes of eleven. She hastened to keep her

appointment with Ronald. He was already waiting beside his car at the corner designated.

"Well!" she cried, her heart beating ecstatically, "This is like old times; it's very kind of you to come and meet me like this. I was just a little afraid you might stand me up." He looked at her reproachfully.

"Have you ever known me to do that?" he asked.

"No; not once. But lately, you know, you've found interests elsewhere."

"Let's not discuss that," he said curtly.

"Very well; just as you say. But really, it is nice to be with you again." He helped her into his coupe.

"Clarke's, did you say?"

"Yes. I want to get something particularly nice, and I want to be sure it's genuine, not just a cheap duplicate. That's why I wanted you along."

"That jewel box I got you once belonged to a Caliph."

"No! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I just learned it the other day. Clarke told me when I was buying a prayer rug for Mother."

"Oh, that's wonderful! I shall treasure it twice as highly now. Not that I didn't treasure it before, you understand. Even though it had not belonged to a Caliph, I wouldn't part with it for the world." Ronald looked at her and laughed incredulously. "No, really, I mean it!" she reiterated.

"Well, I appreciate that. I knew I must find something out of the ordinary to please you."

"You always have had wonderful taste."

"I'm glad you think so. Well, here we are." He parked the car and helped her out. The windows of the shop were very tastefully arranged, and they stopped a moment to admire the wares; there was a spinning wheel, antique furniture much the worse for wear, exquisite Chinese vases, Venetian glass jugs and perfume flacons, wondrous silken rugs, small idols from Oriental temples, caskets, brass lanterns with jewelled lights, rare porcelains, and early English pressed glassware. An array to delight and bewilder a connoisseur. They entered, and for nearly an hour were occupied in examining and commenting upon the merits of this or that piece. Meantime, Eileen kept a strict watch on the time, deliberately prolonging her hunt for a suitable gift until five minutes of twelve. Then she decided upon a small but exquisite box of intricate design, set with jade and turquoise, and had the clerk mark it for delivery to her mother on her birthday. Then they went out again to the coupe.

"Now where?" he asked.

"It's twelve, or rather, three minutes to, and I'm starved. Shall we lunch somewhere—that is, if you aren't meeting your girl friend?" she asked archly.

"No, I'm not. I didn't know how long it would take us, so I told her I didn't know if I could make it." Eileen's heart leaped; everything was playing into her hands.

"Fine! Then we'll go to the Copper Kettle."

"All right." He had told Madeline that he was going with a friend to help select a birthday gift, but he did not say who the friend was; he meant to tell her later. He knew she would not come to the Copper Kettle alone, since they were rather expensive, and her salary did not run to dollar-and-a-half luncheons. In five minutes they reached Sixth and Ashland, parked and alighted. Eileen was beginning to feel slightly nervous now, wondering if everything would work out as she had planned, but she took a firm hold on herself; it would never do to go to pieces now. So they crossed the street, and she strained her eyes to discern among the milling crowd, the two persons she most wanted to see there. Suddenly she stopped, pulling Ronald back by the arm.

"For Heaven's sake, look, Ron! What do you know about that?"

"What?" he asked, looking to right and left, but seeing nothing.

"Do you see what I see? Isn't that your little girl friend, yonder? See? With that big, burly fellow?" Ronald did see; he was silent.

"Say!" she cried, putting her other hand on his arm. "Do you know who that is? That's Gentleman Joe. His picture was in the papers a day or two ago. Didn't you see it?" Ronald was stunned.

"Y—yes, I did," he replied, weakly.

"And look how intimate they are, too. He has her arm, and they are conversing as if they knew each other quite well. And they're going toward the Copper Kettle. No doubt she thought she would make use of her day off."

"Day off?" he asked, dazedly.

"Why sure! You told her you didn't know if you could take her to lunch, so she decided not to waste the opportunity and promptly got another boy friend to pay her meal check." Ronald was pale and his jaw was set. Madeline and the gangster entered the tea room and the door closed behind them. "We don't want to go in there now, do we?" she asked, shrewdly.

"No—no, I guess not. Let's go to the Algonquin Club." She could see that he was deeply stricken, for his hand trembled as he helped her into the car again. He was silent during the short ride, and she knew better than to break his chain of thought. She knew well that he was putting two and two together, and slowly beginning to doubt about the theft of her mother's ring. When he stopped the car and shut off the engine, she laid her hand gently on his arm and gave him a sisterly look of sympathy.

"Never mind! Buck up, old kid. It'll all come out all right. No doubt she will be able to explain her acquaintance with that fellow."

"Oh, it's all right," he said, shortly. "I guess I can live through it." And together they entered the Club. During the luncheon, Ronald was mostly silent, and this gave Eileen a chance to think of her next step. He sent back most everything but barely tasted, and she felt hysterical in her exultation. But she knew that she must be careful; the least slip now, and she might lose him forever.

"Going back to the office?" she asked after they had finished.

"No, I don't think so."

"If I didn't have a fitting at my dressmaker's, you could come up to the house with me. Mother is having some literary friends in. But perhaps you could come to dinner?"

"I—ah don't know; think I'll run out to the Country Club for a few rounds of golf, then I have to meet a buyer at the Seventh Avenue Station. Wish you could come with me." Much as she would have liked to go, she knew she must meet Alwin and cash his check for him.

"Sorry; but I should have gone yesterday for that fitting and neglected it, and I must have the gown for Mother's reception day after to-morrow. Well, some other time, old scout, eh?" By this time they were outside. Ronald stepped on the starter.

"Where shall I drop you?"

"In front of Madame Boulée's—Park and Broadway." Before she left the coupe, she squeezed his hand and thanked him for coming with her. "And don't worry, old bean. Give me a ring if you're coming for dinner."

"Right," was his answer. And with a rush, he was gone. Immediately he was out of sight, Eileen hailed a taxi and asked to be taken to the Excelsior Hotel. Gentleman Joe had not yet returned, so she waited in the lobby, seated in a deep chair, idly looking through a magazine that lay on an end table beside her. She had not long to wait; in five minutes Alwin entered, jolly, smiling, and seeing Eileen waiting for him, he went back outside and motioned to the taxi driver to wait. Doffing his hat, he made Eileen a courtly bow.

"Well, my dear Miss Trevillian, I am glad to see you are so prompt. Promptness is one of the virtues I myself always try to cultivate." Her object accomplished, she felt gracious now.

"Yes? Well, it has its good points in more ways than one. I myself am much gratified by the very satisfactory manner in which our little scheme worked out, thanks to your own great tact in handling the situation." He beamed with delight at the compliment.

"Thanks; but you know I am always ready and willing to help a lady in distress." By this time they were walking out of the lobby toward the taxi waiting at the curb.

"Even when it puts another lady in distress?" she asked, archly.

"Well, I suppose that cannot be helped. She was trespassing on your property, as I understand it?"

"Exactly, and all is fair in love and war."



"Quite so; shall we—" he asked, his hand on the handle of the cab.

"Yes; have the chauffeur drive to the Third National Bank, please." He gave the direction, and in a few minutes they were standing at the paying teller's window, where the thousand dollars was paid to her without question. The money paid to Alwin, she parted from him, and he took the taxi back to his hotel, while she excused herself on the plea of having some shopping to do. Being in the neighborhood of the Westover Building, a new idea suddenly sprang up in her brain. Why not? She would do it at once. So she walked the half square to Ronald's office, meanwhile, arranging in her mind what she wanted to say to his father. Entering the elevator, she was whisked up to the twentieth floor, where the Westover Steel Corporation occupied an entire floor. A few minutes later she knocked at the door marked "President, Private," and received the invitation to "Come in."

"Well! This is a surprise!" cried Mr. Westover.

"Busy?" she inquired sweetly.

"Never too busy to see you."

"Old flatterer!" He drew up a chair for her. "I just happened to be in the neighborhood," she explained, "so thought I'd drop in."

"Fine! I hope you'll always do that."

"Thanks. I've been using your son this morning. You don't mind, do you? You see, I wanted to get an antique for Mother's birthday, and I had him come with me, as I do not know anything about such things and he does."

"That's fine; where is he now?"

"Went out to the Country Club to play golf." Westover nodded. "Coming to Mother's reception?"

"You can bet your bottom dollar I am! We've never missed anything at your house yet, have we?"

"Not you and Mrs. Westover, but—Ronald has. I don't see as much of him as I used to."

"No? Well, now, whose fault is that? You used to be quite chummy." Adroitly she was turning the conversation to the subject she had in mind.

"Yes," she replied, looking down a little sadly, "we used to be."

"That's news to me. Here I thought all along he'd been running around with you. What's he been doing? Or don't you know?"

"It happens that I do know—but perhaps I ought not to tell tales."

"Tales! Is it something I ought to know?"

"All I know is that he's been going out with one of your stenographers."

"Oh, so he has, eh?"

"Yes, and that is not all; this girl used to live at the Queen's Daughters Home, and at one of the dances that Mother gave at our house, she stole an expensive dinner ring that Mother had lying on her dressing table. Of course, she denied taking it, but she was put out of the Home, and Mr. Boswick, for whom she worked at the time, discharged her. I don't know whether you heard about it or not."

"Mrs. Westover did mention something about it, but

I did not pay much attention at the time. And how did this girl get into my office?"

"Through Ronald, sir. You see, he is in love with her."

"What a nice kettle of fish *that* is!" now bristled the magnate. "I'll have to go into that more thoroughly when he comes back. You say he went out to the Country Club?"

"Yes; you see, he was feeling very badly because of something that happened while I was with him."

"And that was?"

"We were going to the Copper Kettle for lunch, when whom do we see going in the same direction as this—this stenographer of yours, accompanied by—you'd never guess whom!"

"No, I don't suppose I could guess."

"Gentleman Joe, the gangster! You've seen his picture in the papers?"

"I certainly did, and more than once. And so this girl is a thief, and associates with gangsters, and my son is in love with her, eh?"

"I don't know if he still is or not. He seemed pretty badly cut up after seeing her with him."

"I should think he ought to be. Well, I'm glad that happened. I hope it opens his eyes."

"Now, Mr. Westover, whatever you do, don't let him know I told you about this. Perhaps I shouldn't have said anything at all."

"My dear, that's the greatest favor you could ever have done me! I'm very grateful to you for letting me know about it. Ronald shall never know."

"Thank you; and, please sir, don't punish the girl because of what I told you. I shouldn't want to feel that I was the cause of her dismissal."

"Not at all; don't you worry about that in the least," he replied.

(To be continued)

### Promises of the Sacred Heart

June being the month of the Sacred Heart, all Catholics ought to turn with Holy Mother Church, and renew their fervor by studying everything they can with reference to this devotion, how it was instituted, the twelve great Promises of our Lord, and the life of the little nun who was privileged to be His blessed messenger. No one reading the twelve promises can help but feel his fervor already kindling, for everyone wants the graces necessary to his state of life; nothing is so desirable as holy peace in any household; we all have our afflictions, and what is so wonderful as to have our Lord Himself to comfort us when we are laid low by sorrow; we all need Him as a secure refuge in life, and at the hour of death, what will be more wonderful than to have him as our especial Friend? He promises also to bestow a large blessing upon all our undertakings, and sinners who appeal to His Sacred Heart will find in It an infinite ocean of mercy.

Then He goes on to promise that tepid souls who honor His Sacred Heart, will soon grow fervent, and fervent souls will quickly mount to high perfection.

We all have many sorts of pictures in our homes, but our Lord promises to bless specially every place where a picture of His Heart is set up and honored. In some poor families prosperity began from the day a picture or statue of the Sacred Heart was installed in the home in a place of honor. Not only that, but wayward members of the family, or those fallen away from the Faith were known to reform after such a picture was placed in the home. Then, priests who appeal to the Sacred Heart in the heavy duties of their ministry, are promised the gift of touching the most hardened hearts. Promoters of this devotion will have their names written in His Heart, and finally, there is the Great Promise—the grace of final penitence, promised to all who make the nine First Fridays. Surely there is something appealing to every soul who reads these twelve promises—something to drive them to ever greater fervor in honoring the Heart so often wounded by the world's insults.

### *Raising a Child*

The most precious jewel that Almighty God could ever bestow upon any of us humans is a little child, and, knowing this, we ought to approach the important question of child-raising with the utmost wisdom and common sense. The mother-to-be who looks forward to this blessed event, should carry herself as an alabaster vase, carefully, with only holy, beautiful, peaceful thoughts, for everything that she thinks or does will leave their impress upon her offspring. She should always be calm and unfurried, to insure the child good nerves, and should read nothing but the best literature, that which embodies the most high-minded ideals. Napoleon's mother was said to have read many books on the lives of great heroes before his birth.

The best environment for a child is, of course, country life. But as this is not always possible, provision should be made, as far as possible in a city home, for the joys the child ought to have, and would have, were he living in the country. Any sort of home, even the simplest, that the parents may call their own, is better than a place where no animals are permitted, the grass is forbidden to be trodden upon, and there is nothing to do but walk around or ride a bicycle all dressed up all day. Children love to come close to Mother Earth; it is good for them to have a place in which to dig good, plain mud, to fill pails and boxes and their little dump trucks; if not mud, then at least sand. But give a child a sand box and a plot of plain mud to dig in, and see which he chooses.

Then, it is good for him to have some animals—a rabbit or two, or a dog or a cat—something that he can handle and pet and feed. All of us can remember the ecstasy the feel of a rabbit or a bird or pigeon in our very own hands gave us. It teaches children kindness to our dumb animal friends. They should also have a corner, if not a whole room, for their own toys. It is a sad thing to see some mothers whose mania for cleanliness and order drive them to relegate all their children's toys to the basement, or to the attic, or to

closets on inaccessible shelves. If there is no playroom, or space in the children's bedroom for their toys, then a corner might easily be fixed up in the basement, where all their things are placed in order upon shelves, where they may easily be reached by tiny hands. They should not be hidden out of sight in out-of-the-way places, just so they will be out of mother's way. Always remember, the kind of childhood your children have had, will remain in their memories for life; if they had a happy childhood, they will remember it with gratitude and love; if otherwise, there will always be a feeling of resentment and pain.

Everyone would like to have his children remember their home and early years with sweetness and joy, as something to cherish forever. It is good to be careful of their health, and of their behavior, but never fussy; fussiness and nagging are the cause of more nerves in children than we know. There is a golden mean between firmness and fussiness.

### *Ice Box Desserts*

Now that the hot weather is coming on, it is well to have at one's finger tips an array of desserts which will keep both husband and kiddies eager for mealtime, because of the ever-new surprises mother is able to conjure out of her refrigerator. As an ever-increasing number of families are adding electric refrigeration to their list of conveniences, it becomes a simple thing, even on wash days, cleaning days, or going-out days, to have a delicious dessert tucked away in the ice chest, made in the morning and forgotten until mealtime in the evening.

Tapioca may be made in the usual way, cooled, and then have added to it 4 tablespoons corn syrup, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt; then fold in 2 beaten egg whites, 1 cup whipped cream, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound crushed peanut brittle. Freeze 3 or 4 hours in tray.

Cook juice from 1 can apricots with 18 marshmallows until all dissolved; add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, the apricots mashed or put through a sieve, and 1 beaten egg white. Freeze.

Make pineapple bakeless cake by placing at bottom of shallow pan, a layer of sliced pineapple, cored, with a cherry in each center. Mix  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of sweet condensed milk with enough vanilla wafers (crumbed) to take up all the moisture. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and mix well, then pour mixture over pineapples. Chill at least 12 hours; then turn out carefully on fancy plate and serve with whipped cream.

A new sweet dessert may be made with spaghetti; cook spaghetti the regular way; drain and turn into mixing bowl; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 cup sliced canned or fresh peaches. Put in double boiler and cook until thick; then place in individual sherbet glasses and place in ice box to chill.

An orange drink: Squeeze six oranges and 1 lemon; add 3 cups sugar and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups corn syrup. Add ice water and serve in tall glasses.

### *A Cheerful and Interesting Home*

In the Spring, when we start tearing the house apart, and our minds turn to a soap-and-water Saturday, we view many pieces with distaste, as being worn out or faded, or out of date. Or perhaps we are tired of the same walls, the same floor coverings. But perhaps our purses are not elastic enough to cover new furnishings. That is the time to put on the thinking cap and become ingenious—and besides, it is lots of fun.

Dark furniture whose finish is crackled and ugly, may be washed with paint remover, a small space at a time, and the old varnish removed with a scraper. Then, if it is a bedroom set, colored enamels will transform the pieces; either jade green, dove gray or ivory are beautiful, and a floral transfer design on the head and foot of the bed, on drawers and chair-backs, will give the professional touch. Dining room sets may be beautifully refinished with spar varnish; if you are tired of oak or mahogany, you may use the more modern walnut shade.

Perhaps the dining room paper is still clean, but you have tired of it; panel it. If the present paper has a design on it, panel it in plain oatmeal in a matching color, or one of the craftex papers, using border paper for a narrow frame. If the paper is plain, a leaf design may be paneled in. Care must be taken to have at least one of the colors matching the old paper. You will be delighted with the result. The same may be done with the living room, at small cost. If the walls are painted a plain color, they may be stippled with a sponge in a contrasting color, or a stencil design.

Fresh, dainty curtains do much to make a room appear lovely and inviting, and if your present curtains are still good, but you would like a change, try dyeing them a pastel shade. A dollar end table or a cheap, pretty lamp will help lend an air to a refurbished room, and a porcelain elephant or odd tub or jug containing a growing philodendron or fern, will help make the roomful of old but touched-up furnishings look "like a million dollars."

### *Don't throw it Away*

When the cream sours, don't throw it out; place it in a glass or dish in a warm place—on top of a radiator is a good place; as soon as it forms a heavy curd, and water comes away from it, place it in a clean cloth and tie to the faucet to drip in the sink. When it stops dripping, gently squeeze out any water that might remain, then turn back into dish; add a pinch of salt and about 3 teaspoons of sweet cream; then beat well. This makes delicious cream cheese just like that purchased from the dairies.

When bread becomes too stale to eat, although still partly soft, slice it up and dry in oven or on radiator; then place in paper bag to be ground as needed. If the bag becomes too full, make a roast of veal breast with dressing; grind the bread, place in mixing bowl, add 3 eggs, parsley, nutmeg, salt and pepper, and milk

to make it adhere together. Or make a bread pudding; recipe may be found in any cook book. Or make a Zwieback Pie by toasting the crumbs brown, then putting them in an egg and milk custard and baking in pie crust, covering afterwards with meringue.

If the butcher gives you more parsley than you need for soup, cut up all of it at once, use what you need and dry the rest; save all celery tops too. Dry them on stove or radiator or in the oven, then crumble them up; store parsley and celery together in a paper bag for use in seasoning.

Don't throw away the left-over pork; grind it up and add some fresh hamburger, a slice of bread soaked in water and squeezed, 1 egg, parsley, nutmeg, onion, salt and pepper. Shape into a loaf and bake; over the top, sprinkle catsup and Worcestershire sauce, and lay across two strips of bacon.

Don't throw away a dress that has some good parts to it; cut out the good parts and make a little dress for some child in the missions. Old sheets with solid parts may be made into little nighties, waists or bloomers and be very, very welcome at the missions.

Don't chop up anything that might still be made use of by some charitable organization. Have your weather eye always out for some charity.

### *Household Hints*

To simplify housework after spring cleaning, wax *everything*—linoleum, wood floors, baseboards, furniture, fireplace tiling, window sills.

If you want your varnished woodwork to shine, after using water containing your favorite cleansing agent, be sure to rinse off well with a sponge wet in clear water, and finish with a chamois.

The height of wisdom is, to give the adolescents in the family plenty of *home parties*, to keep them under mother's eye, and yet satisfy their natural longing for a good time. Some folks have waxed their basement concrete to dance on; others have first painted it dark red or green, and then waxed it. Have you ever tried turning your rug on the wrong side for dancing, thus preserving your hardwood from scuffing?

### *Recipes*

**CHICKEN DUMPLING SOUP:** Joint a boiling chicken and place in water with salt, parsley, celery, and chopped onion. When tender, remove all the meat from the bones and return bones to pot, boiling a little longer. Grind the chicken meat and mix 1 egg, a little salt and pepper, and flour enough to make the mass adhere together. Form into small dumplings and drop into soup while boiling, allowing to cook about ten minutes.

**PRUNE AND LEMON PIE:** Boil 1 pound prunes with sugar and one sliced lemon, rind and all, until tender. Pit the prunes and return to saucepan with lemons and liquor in which they were boiled, and mash all thoroughly with potato masher. Make pie paste and line pan. Turn in prune mixture and bake quickly. If liked, crisscross strips of pie dough may be placed on top, or a meringue of egg white put on after baking.



## Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

### AUTOMOBILE DRIVER INJURED

Mr. R.—“I want to ask you, Doctor, about something I saw the other day. There was an auto accident, and one man was badly hurt. He was bleeding terribly from a cut in his arm. There was a crowd standing about, and one said this another said that but none of us did anything. Just then by chance a doctor came by. He stopped his car and scrambled down to where we were, and when he saw that man he went right to him, and whipped a handkerchief out of his pocket and tied it round the man's arm above the cut, then he said, ‘Give me a piece of a stick, boys,’ and he slipped that in between the handkerchief and the arm, and gave it a twist. Well, the bleeding stopped right then, but by that time the man looked like death and his breath was coming sort of sighing like. Then the doctor raised his legs and his arms and had us hold them up, and he let his head very low. Then he had us stroke his limbs toward the body, and in a little while he looked less like death. He made us roll our coats round him the first thing after he stopped the bleeding, and pretty soon he got him into his car, his head still down and his feet up, and off he went to the hospital, and we hear the man is getting better. Now what I want to know is, could any of us do the same thing? The doctor didn't have any instruments or medicine, nothing but his two hands, and he saved that man's life.”

Dr. H.—“The doctor had more than his two hands. He had good common sense and training and experience. The men standing round had common sense, and, after seeing what that doctor did without any tools or instruments or medicine, they would never again stand helpless and let a man bleed to death. We can't all be doctors, but everyone should know what to do in case of accident, and that is why it is so good for a community to have ‘Boy Scouts,’ for they are taught all these things, at an age when it will become part of their lives.

“Accidents in which the patient dies from loss of blood are common. They occur on the roads, in the playgrounds and the fields. Aid must come quickly, and that aid is just one thing, the stopping of the bleeding. The case you saw was very desperate. The doctor knew there was no time to be lost in preparation, so he took the first thing that came to hand.”

Mr. R.—“Well, what did he raise his arms and legs for? That was no way of making him comfortable. And he lowered his head when I wanted to put my coat under it.”

Dr. H.—“Lifting his limbs and lowering his head was to get as much blood to the brain as possible, for without blood the brain would cease to function and then the breathing would stop and the heart also.”

Mr. R.—“I think I could take care of a case like that myself now.”

Dr. H.—“I believe you could. Let us see how you would go about it.”

Mr. R.—“Well, first you must have the accident.”

Dr. H.—“Yes, it would be best of course to get your patient by accident rather than intention.”

Mr. R.—“Well, as I said afore, you must first have your accident, and the man is bleeding very badly. I whip out my handkerchief.”

Dr. H.—“Suppose you did not have any handkerchief.”

Mr. R.—“I borrow from somebody standing round.”

Dr. H.—“Suppose you were alone.”

Mrs. Carey—“Ha! Ha! Rackham, you're stalled now, when you thought you were so smart.”

Mr. R.—“I'm not stalled. I'd tear a strip from my shirt before I'd stand there and let a man bleed to death.”

Dr. H.—“Not so bad, Mr. Rackham. You can't stall a man that has common sense. There is always something you can use, and I have seen a very good tourniquet made from a stocking when there was nothing else at hand.”

Mrs. C.—“What is a tourniquet, Doctor?”

Dr. H.—“It is a band that can be applied to a limb, and it has an arrangement by which it can be tightened.”

Mrs. C.—“I can tell you about a case, Doctor, where your tourniquet wouldn't be much use. One of the neighbors had a tooth pulled, and about ten o'clock that night it began to bleed, and it bled and bled and nothing could stop it. They sent for the doctor, and by the time he got there, the man was as weak as a child. Well, when the doctor got there the first word he said was, ‘Why didn't some of you’—well, I'll not repeat what he called them, but what he meant was why didn't some of them press their thumb on the bleeding place until he got there. Well, he stopped it but the man nearly lost his life.”

Dr. H.—“Well, why didn't some of them make pressure on the bleeding place with a finger or a thumb, or why didn't they not make a hard roll of gauze and have him bite down on it.”

Mrs. C.—“Oh, why, indeed. I suppose because none of them thought of such a thing.”

Dr. H.—“That is why it is such a good thing to teach young people how to meet emergencies, and especially to get them over a foolish fear at the sight of blood. This fear seems to have been with the human family in all ages, and in some way accounts for their stupefaction at the sight of an accident. We need more Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts also.”

---

Teacher—Willie, spell *weather*.

Willie—W h e i a t h u r.

Teacher—Sit down. That's the worst spell of *weather* we've had in some time.



**JUNE**

*Month of the Sacred Heart*

*"Labor not for the meat that perisheth  
but for that which endureth unto life  
everlasting."—St. John 6:27.*

## **'BURN A NOVENA OF VIGIL LIGHTS IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEART!**

**B**URNING VIGIL LIGHTS is indeed a very commendable practice. To place one's intentions beneath a votive stand and to burn a novena of lights while you are actively engaged in your daily occupations is to be highly recommended.

We have erected a small altar and votive stand in a very private nook of our New Grail Home for our subscribers and benefactors to thank our Lord for all blessings received.

The month of June is consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The love of the Sacred Heart for us is so intense, that no form of suffering,—neither scourge, nor thorns, nor nails, nor cross was too great for Him to endure for our salvation.

The Church invites and even urges us to pay public homage to His Sacred Heart especially throughout the month of June, which is set aside for that very purpose. Many of you, perhaps, cannot attend the June devotions in your church or chapel. Why not, therefore, send your petitions to us and let us burn a novena of vigil lights for your intentions?

We will burn a novena of lights for you for only \$1.00. How many of our subscribers will avail themselves of this opportunity to do homage to Jesus and His Sacred Heart?

Father Edward, O. S. B.

----- COUPON -----

Dear Father Edward:—

Enclosed find \$1.00 for the Novena.

I am glad to mail you my intentions as follows:

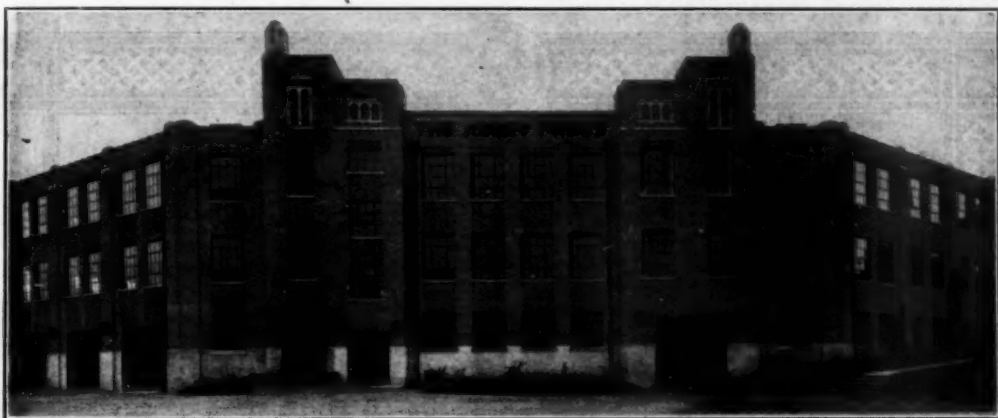
Intentions.....

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Name.....

Street.....

City & State.....



The Abbey Press—The New Home of The Grail



THE PICTURE PRESENTED herewith shows the exterior of THE ABBEY PRESS, the new Home of THE GRAIL. THE GRAIL was established as a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, to encourage vocations to the holy Priesthood, and to help poor, but deserving, boys to attain that end.

The erection of this building has burdened us with a heavy debt. May we not look to at least some of our readers for financial assistance to aid us in liquidating this indebtedness?

Possibly you may have influence with some particular friend in making a substantial donation. Any donation, whether small or large, will be heartily welcomed.

AS A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION I will make a special memento in the daily Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that Almighty God may grant your wishes. You may send me with your donation your intentions listed on a separate sheet of paper, and they will be included in a special Mass on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, July 16th. This Mass will be offered up for the purpose of pleading with Almighty God to change the adverse conditions of these days of depression, and for your intentions. Send directly to Fr. Edward, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Dear Fr. Edward:—

Please include my intentions in your Mass on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, July 16th. I am enclosing \$..... for the NEW HOME OF THE GRAIL.

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That in all things God may be glorified.

only rule, Ch. 57.



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Each member receives a blessed Medal of St. Benedict and by habitually carrying this, can gain numerous plenary and partial indulgences.

This membership continues as long as the subscription to The Grail is annually renewed, or the annual payment of the yearly dues remitted.



*Rf. Rev. Athanasius Schmitt O.S.B.*  
*Abbot of Reinshausen*  
*Rev. Adam Bernhard, O.S.B.*  
*Secretary*

The harvest is great, but the laborers are few.

att. IX-37.

## SPECIAL MASSES FOR YOUR INTENTIONS

---

**I**n appreciation of your generosity, you will be remembered in a special Mass said on Christmas Day and Easter Sunday.

During the first week of November, which is All Souls' Month, your deceased relatives and friends whose names you send to us will be remembered in a Mass said each day of that week.

You are entitled to share in these special privileges because of your membership in the Blessed Sacrament League.

Write below your intentions and return this slip promptly.

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My Name 

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Address 

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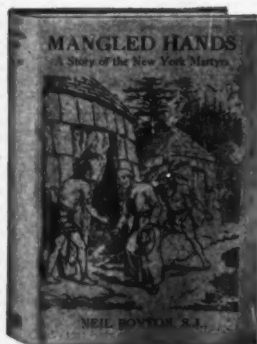
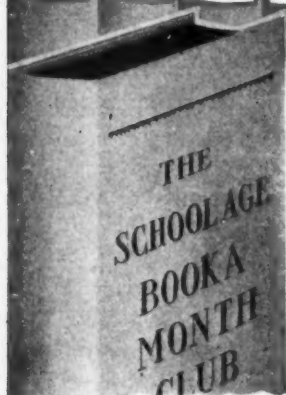
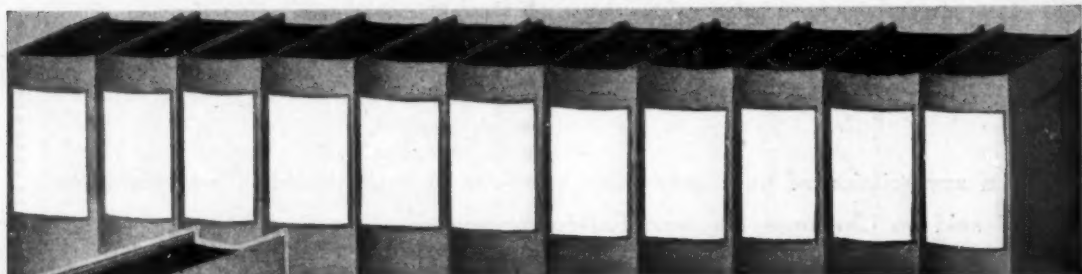
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